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SENIOR



SICKLE









THE ADRIAN HIGH SCHOOL



VOLUME TWENTY-TWO

Published by the
SENIOR CLASS OF ADRIAN HIGH SCHOOL





To

Mr. E. W. McNeil

whose efforts saved the athletics of Adrian
from an unexpected misfortune, this
Annual is most sincerely
dedicated

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J. MYERS

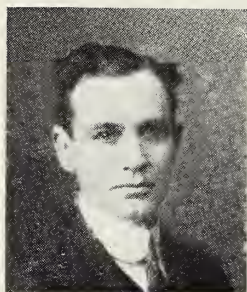
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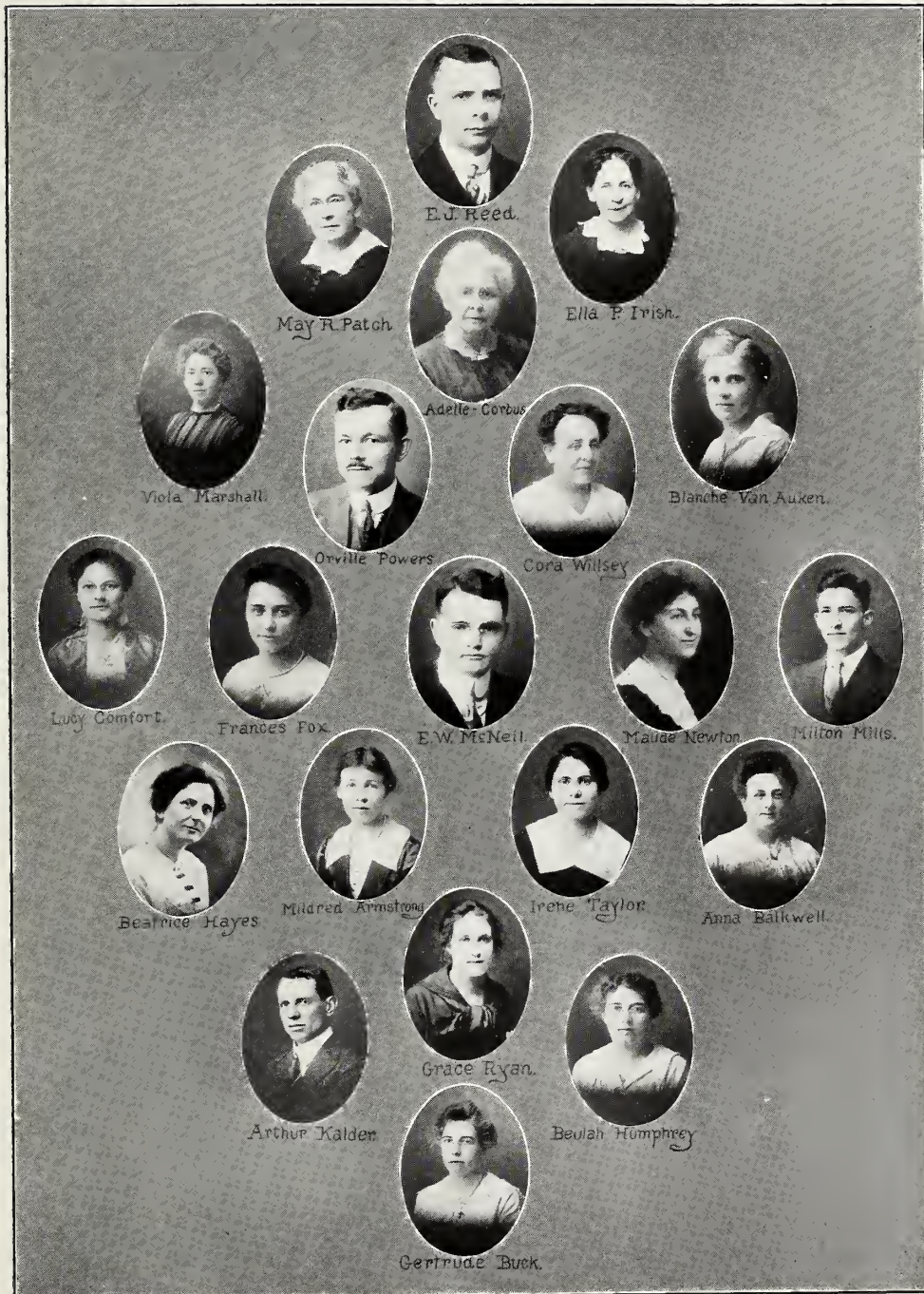


NELLIE STOW



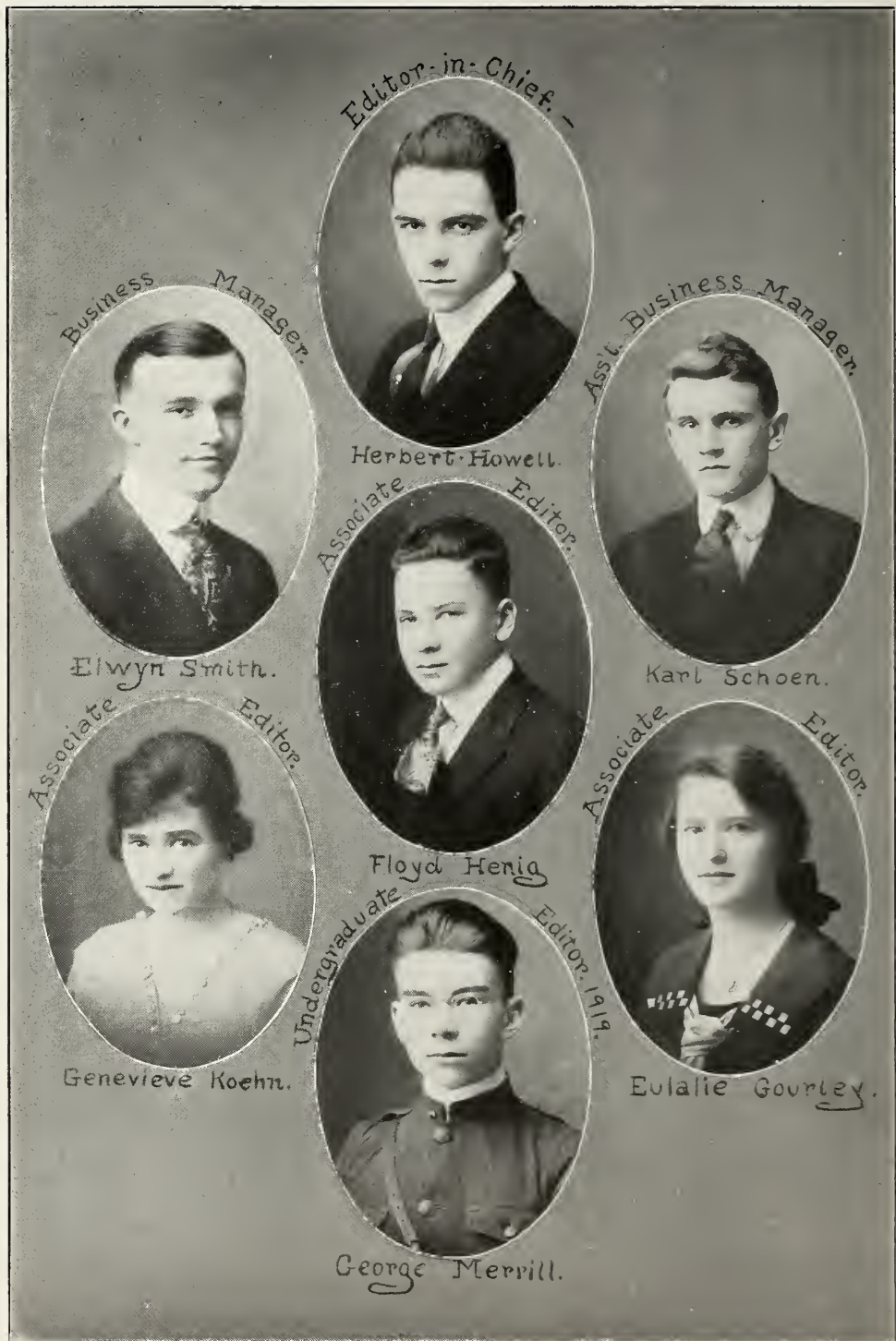
T. C. KENNEDY

THE FACULTY



May Green, History

SICKLE STAFF



SICKLE STAFF



“GOOD-BYE”

Miss Anna Balkwell

As the teacher of Commercial subjects, Miss Balkwell is an honor and a worthy asset to our school. Her decision to leave will be regretted by all of us.

Miss Adelle Corbus

It is with regret that we announce that Miss Corbus will not be with us next year. After many years of conscientious and faithful service in the interests of Adrian High School, she has decided to retire. She has made a record of which we may all be proud.

Miss Ella P. Irish

Miss Irish, one of Adrian High School's most excellent teachers, has decided that she has taught long enough, and so next year the place she has held so long will be occupied by a stranger.

Mr. Arthur Kalder

Although Mr. Kalder has been with us only one year, the interest shown in athletics proves that he is a very able man in this line, and we shall be sorry to have him leave.

Mr. Milton E. Mills


Mr. Mills has the honor of being the first teacher of Senior High School to enter the service, a fact of which we are proud. His painstaking efforts to engrain a knowledge of the sciences will be remembered by all who took a course under him.




In Memoriam

Catherine Hood

EDITORIAL

 HIS number of the Sickle will be known as the War Sickle and it has been the unceasing aim of the Board to make it worthy of the name. The Sickle this year is different, not merely changed. Many new departments have been introduced and all the old ones have been changed and reorganized. The drawings this year are better than ever before and they are of a patriotic nature. The high price of materials have made it (almost) a difficult matter to publish this number and only the most stupendous efforts on the part of the Board and Mr. Finch have made it possible at all. For this reason we have had to make a slight advance in the price. But we believe that the increase in the price is more than justified by the excellence of the matter contained.

 HEN war was declared in 1914, the roar of the first gun sounded the funeral knell of a past and defunct age, and ushered in a new one of untold growth and opportunity.

The old ways of doing business have gone forever. Inefficient and antiquated methods will no longer be tolerated. The time when people would not, or could not see that careless methods were costing thousands of lives and millions of money, that otherwise could have been saved is past. Nothing short of a terrible calamity will jar some people out of their lethargy. Terrible as this war is it has saved the world and civilization. The world was slowly sinking under the dead weight of a corrupt civilization, a civilization like that of Rome, sound to the eye but diseased at the heart.

In the new age which is to follow, only the fittest can hope to survive the intense struggle for commercial supremacy which is bound to come. Everywhere there are positions of great importance left by men who will never return and these must be filled. Untold chances and opportunities are being opened in foreign countries. After this war American capital will flow into Russia, China and South America to develop the hidden and exhaustless resources of those countries. Never before and never again will there be such an opportunity for the man who is ready to take it.

Seize every opportunity you have to gain a well balanced knowledge. Use every minute of your spare time in learning about these countries instead of wasting the golden hours of the present. Learn Spanish, Russian or Chinese so that you will be ready to take the lead when the time comes. Be the man who knows, who is able to command. Do not be content with your present conditions but reach for a higher and better education so that you will not have to miss this splendid chance thru lack of preparation. Your country demands this of you. It is your patriotic duty to further the just interests of your native land and there is no way by which you can help her better than by preparing yourself to hold a commanding position that will enable you to successfully direct her commercial interests.

HERBERT HOWELL,
Editor-in-Chief.

Class Day Program

To be held at CROSWELL OPERA HOUSE
WEDNESDAY EVENING - JUNE 12 - 1918

Selection . . . *High School Orchestra*

Invocation *Rev. Perry*

Salutatory *Porter Dean*

History *Salome Milich*Piano Solo *Glendora Gibson*

Giftatory *Elmer Schoen*

Poem *Frances Lantz*

Oration, "The Innocent Bystander" *Raymond Koehn*

Selection . . . *High School Orchestra*

Prophecy, "The Crystal Gazer" { *Genevieve Koehn*
Zana Lowth
Letha McRobert

Vocal Solo *Donald Cornell*

Class Will *Mildred Camburn*

Presentation of Senior Gavel . . . *Karl Schoen*Acceptance of Senior Gavel . *Charles Moreland*

Saxophone Solo . . . *Lloyd Hughes*

Valedictory *Eulalie Gourley*

Benediction *Rev. Montgomery*



OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

DURING THE VARIOUS YEARS

1914-1915

<i>President</i>	George Lennard
<i>Vice President</i>	Geraldine Johnson
<i>Secretary</i>	Elwyn Smith
<i>Treasurer</i>	Porter Dean
<i>Marshal</i>	Kenneth Graham

1915-1916

<i>President</i>	Raymond Koehn
<i>Vice President</i>	Geraldine Miller
<i>Secretary</i>	Karl Schoen
<i>Treasurer</i>	Elwyn Smith
<i>Marshal</i>	Julian Frank

1916-1917

<i>President</i>	Elwyn Smith
<i>Vice President</i>	Florence Early
<i>Secretary</i>	Chandler Bond
<i>Treasurer</i>	Everett Ridge
<i>Marshal</i>	Julian Frank

1917-1918

<i>President</i>	Karl Schoen
<i>Vice President</i>	Alice Hayward
<i>Secretary</i>	Leone Fairbanks
<i>Treasurer</i>	Floyd Henig
<i>Marshal</i>	Firth Anderson

Class Motto, "Deeds, Not Words"

Class Colors, Yellow and White



SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"A man may know his own mind
and still not know a great deal."

H. Firth Anderson "Doc"

Lyceum (1) (2) (3) (4), Thespian (4), Class Marshall (4), Senior Send-off Decorating Committee (3), Char. Program Com. Agricultural Association (3), Junior Red Cross (4), Patriotic League (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Program Committee "Hy-Y" (4), Military Training (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

"Doc" has aspirations to be a humorist, and clever sayings are his hobby. "Doc" has but one failing, French verbs.

"Some people try to get the whole earth,
but in the end the earth gets them."

Paul Annis "Annis"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Track (1) (2) (3) (4), Captain Track (4), Base Ball (3) (4), Class Athletics (1) (2) (3) (4), Manager Foot Ball (4), Patriotic League (4).

Here is our champion miler and efficient football manager. But just a word in closing: you can eat up the miles but don't try to assimilate the whole world.

"A happy, happy girl."

Mildred Armstrong

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Athenian (4), First Aid Society (2) (3), Treasurer First Aid (3), Thespian (4).

Mildred radiates joy as the sun does light. Her pleasant face is a welcome relief from the sable features of the chronic grouches.

"Too many people get into an argument who have nothing to say."

Ormand W. Atkin "At"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Lyceum (4), Thespian (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

Glance at the class exponent of the sacred right of the jaw. "At" can find more to argue about for his size than any one else in the school.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Life is ever duty."

Zelma Lucile Bailey "Zim"

Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4) Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4).

Zelma's watchword is "duty" and "patriotism." She believes in word conservation as well as food conservation.

"Never less alone than when alone."

Roberta Baker "Bobby"

Entered Junior Year, Athletic Association (3) (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Patriotic League (4).

"Bobby" is an all around good fellow and well liked by her circle of friends. We know by her looks that she is romantic, although she doesn't seem to care much for the opposite sex.

"Ambition is her god."

Marion G. Barber "Peggy"

Declamation (1) (2), Athenian (1) (2) (3) (4), Secretary Athenian (3), Program Committee Athenian (2) (3), Thespian Society (4), Lyceum and Athenian Play (3), Athletic Association (2) (3) (4), Toast Senior Send-Off (3), Sophomore Play (2), Dramatic Club (2), "As You Like It," (2), Senior Play (4).

"Peggy" is always striving to obtain higher levels. She certainly has the golden tongue in respect to oratory and we wish her success in her profession.

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."

George B. Beiswanger

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Lyceum (1) (2) (3) (4), Treasurer of Lyceum (4), Patriotic League (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

While George has not done anything that has caused a lot of shouting, what he has done has been accomplished by conscientious effort that will last long after the idle shouts have ceased.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Were there no women, men might live like gods."

Alton Bennett

"Curley"

Lyceum (2) (3) (4), Thespian (4), Athletic Association (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4) Junior Red Cross (4), Glee Club (2) (3) (4), Senior Play—Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

Poor "Curley" is always bothered by the fair sex, who distract him from the pursuit of knowledge.

"Behold a man of military cast, arms his delight,
his song the cannon's blast."

George Chandler Bond

"Cap" "Chaw"

Base Ball 1st team (2) (3) (4), Class Base Ball (3) (4), Athletic Editor Sickle (4), Assistant Basket Ball Manager (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), Class Secretary (3), Vice-President Lyceum (4), Jr. Guards (2) (3), 1st Serg't (2), Capt. (3) Major, Cadet Battalion (4), Class Representative Patriotic League (4).

The Major is a military man. The interest taken in military training is chiefly due to his foresight and undying efforts. "Bondy" expects to join the army after graduation. Well, good luck old chap. Here's hoping you become a "Rankin" officer.

"A man with horse sense is hardest to drive."

Marshall C. Bovee

"Marsh" "Farmer"

Mock trial (2) (3), Athletic Association (2) (3) (4), Hy-Y (1) (2) (3) (4), Secretary of Hi-Y (3), Glee Club (3) (4), Thespian (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), Class Foot Ball (1) (2), Senior Play (4).

This fellow is always affable and willing to be obliging but you can no more force him against his will than the rock of Gibraltar. His appellation signifies his future profession.

"The highest culture is to speak no ill."

Ellen Betsy Bradish

"Giggles"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

No word of gossip or scandal has ever dropped from the lips of this fair maiden. She never compels one to listen to misdeeds of others.



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SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Smooth runs the brook where the water's deepest."

Rubert C. Burgess

Lyceum (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Rubert doesn't make himself an open book that one who runs may read. But it takes a careful study before you can become well acquainted with him and learn his sterling worth and ability.

"Let your own discretion be your tutor."

Victor Bragg

"Vick"

Boys Glee Club (4), Athletic Association (4), Patriotic League (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), High School Orchestra (4).

"Vick's" name may be Bragg but he is never guilty of that bad fault. A quality that some of us can not boast.

"Now by the two headed Janus, nature's framed strange fellows in her time."

Lloyd V. Bradley

"Bradley"

Entered from Ann Arbor High School, Lyceum (3) (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Boy's Glee Club (3) (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

This fellow has not blown his own trumpet quite as much as the rest of us but nevertheless there's no better fellow in our class.

"If you can't be a sun, don't be a cloud."

Gerald W. Bradley

"Bradley"

Lyceum (3) (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Patriotic League (3) (4), Boys' Glee Club (3) (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

All things remain the same to Gerald. The never ending march of mighty and momentous events never disturbs his peaceful soul.



SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Merit wins when beauty fails."

Merritt E. Chase

"Benny"

Lyceum (3) (4), Athletic Association, Patriotic League (4), Boys Glee Club (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

Merritt is a very essential cog in the class machine. His tranquil temperament lends solidity and dignity to a rather impulsive class.

"To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved."

Fannie Chase

Athenian (3) (4), Chorus (3), Athletic Association, Patriotic League (4).

It is such persons with Fannie's trustworthy ability that inspires confidence in others. Without her the Senior Class would be incomplete.

"Aha! A stranger in our midst."

Agnes Campbell

"Betty" "Aggie"

Athletic Association (4), Patriotic League (4).

As the above indicates, Agnes is almost a stranger to us. I say almost, because in the short time that she has been among us, a great many have made her acquaintance. We wish that more of us would have had this opportunity.

"Art is the perfection of Nature."

Mildred Camburn

Entered in Senior year from Daytona, Fla., Athenian (4), Athletic Association (4), Thespian (4), Winner of Essay Contest (4), Patriotic League (4), High School Orchestra (4), Masonic Ring Play (4), Winner of Sickle Art Contest (4).

At last we have come to the handsome features of the girl with the artistic temperament, who has done more than anyone else in the drawing of the pictures which embellish and illuminate this Sickle.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

Velma LaGertrude Colbath

Athenian (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Patriotic League (4).

Velma is rarely seen about school or town without Ina Myers. They are inseparable comrades. We are rather anxious to know if the reports, that you are about to make the matrimonial jump, are correct ones. If they are, here's to future happiness.

"Frailty, thy name is Woman."

Florence Coleman

"Dunny"

Athletic Association (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4).

Here is a girl who besides knowing a lot, doesn't try to tell other people about it. We wish that more of us could know you better because we know that it would be worth while.

"A voice of glorious melody."

Evan Donald Cornell

"Don"

Lyceum (1) (2), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Thespian (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Chorus (3), Patriotic League (4), Program Committee Senior Send-Off (3), Class program (4), Senior Play (4).

"Don" is Appollo's most dangerous rival in the art of music. His voice can charm the very stones. "Don" is a most ardent admirer of the fair sex.

"Her eyes twinkled in her head aright,
As do the stars on a frosty night."

Thelma Lucile Cota

"Cota"

Athenian (1) (2) (3) (4), Class Basket Ball (2) (3) (4), Thespian (4), Thespian Open Meeting (4), Banquet Committee Senior Send-Off (3), Class Color and Flower Committee (1), Class Program (2), Patriotic League (4), Dramatic Club (2).

Thelma has made a name for herself on the basket ball court. Her iron clad guarding has done much to make the Senior girls team the dread of the other class teams.



SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Unflinching labor conquers everything."

Porter G. Dean

"Port"

Class Treasurer (1), Chairman Pin and Ring Committee (3), Chairman Invitation Committee (4), Secretary of Lyceum (3), President of Lyceum (4), Comitia Fort of Forum (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), Senior Play (4), Salutatorian.

A fellow with "Port's" type of mind is bound to attain high things. No obstacle is too big or any hindrance too hard to be overcome by his all conquering resolve and undeviating purpose.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard,
Consider her ways and be wise."

Ralph L. Deibele

"Dubby"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Lyceum (1) (2) (3), Jr. Red Cross (4), Patriotic League (4).

Ralph is an all round good fellow whom we all like, but his chief fault is his love for idleness. He likes to burn the midnight oil too, but not in study.

"As idle as a painted boat upon a painted sea."

Porter DeLine

Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4).

Porter is one of those fellows who believes in not drawing too much attention too "yours truly." He believes in the trite saying that "silence is golden"—that is, until he gets acquainted.

"Here's a man with a three decker brain."

Marion A. Dibble

"Dibble"

Lyceum (1) (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Electrician Senior Send-off Decorating Committee, Class Track (3) (4), Foot Ball Reserves (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

Dibble is our class scientist. He can measure the weight, volume and density of a fly speck with marvelous accuracy. All the mysteries of physical phenomena present no problems to his profound intellect.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Alack, there lies more peril in thine eyes than in twenty swords."

Thera Dickerson

"Dick" "Ted"

Orchestra (3) (4), Toast Lyceum Banquet (3), President Athenian (4), Lyceum and Athenian (4), Senior Play Committee (4), Chairman Program Committee Athenian (4), Patriotic League (4) Senior Play (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Society Editor Sickle (4).

Our society editor "Ted" has added another star to her list of honors. "Ted" has a way with all the boys that makes her dangerous to deal with. Beware!

"Fickle and changeable, always woman."

Florence Lenore Early

"Blondie" "Tootie" "Bobbs"

Toast, first Annual Senior Send-Off (1), Toast, Lyceum Banquet (2), Vice-President of Class (3), Red Cross Benefit Program (4), Forum (4), Thespian (4), Senior Play Committee (4), Senior Play (4).

A beautiful and charming young woman, but a shining example of woman's chief fault. We have heard that she likes to flirt but won't vouch for it. Still arguments are forthcoming.

"Haste not—rest not."

Gladys Leone Emery

"Kid"

Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Athenian (3) (4).

"Kid" is never known to hurry or to stop. She has that even steady pace that gets you to the stopping point without loss of energy, time, or temper.

"The secrets of nature she likes to find,
For she is a girl of scientific mind."

Leone Fairbanks

Athletic Association, Junior Red Cross, Athenian (3) (4), Patriotic League.

Leone likes to delve into science; she knows more about physics in a minute than the rest of us know in an hour.



SENIOR



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SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Man has his will, but woman has her way."

Eva Fish

Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Athenian (3) (4).

"Renown is not the child of indolent repose."

Idonea Forsyth

"Idono"

Athletic Association (4), Athenian (2), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Music (2) (3), Glee Club (4).

No matter what you say to her, it is always "Idono." If you never want to find out anything go to Idonea and you can get what you want. Nevertheless Idonea is a diligent and hard working student.

"Be not simply good, but good for something."

Julian Frank

"Julie"

Lyceum (1) (2) (3), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Patriotic League (4), Class Base Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Base Ball Reserves (3), Base Ball (4), Foot Ball (4), Class Foot Ball (3) (4), Class Basket Ball (4), Basket Ball (4).

Julian certainly shines on the foot ball field. He knows how to cover himself with fame as well as mud. But a little more attention to study won't hurt you.

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

Glendora Gibson

"Jane"

Athletic Association (2) (3) (4), Class Musician (4), Athenian Music Committee (4), Senior Send-Off Program Committee (3), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Thespian (4), Entered 2nd year from Deerfield High School.

Glendora is our class musician and when her airy touch glides over the keys, we are all enthralled.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Fair tresses, man's imperial race and snare,
and beauty draws us with a single hair."

Adelle L. Gippert

Athenian (1) (2) (3), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Adelle is another one of our brilliant charmers that have given this class the reputation for learning and beauty that it has.

"Industry climbs the ladder of success,
but good luck goes up in an elevator."

Princess Eulalie Gourley

"Girlie," "Ukalele"

Valedictorian (4), Athenian (3), Senior Play (4), Winner of Declamation Contest (2), Member of Literary Committee (3) (4), Sophomore Toaster at Senior Send-off (2), Thespian Program Committee (4), Associated Editor Sickle (4), Chairman Program Committee Senior Send-off (3).

Although you may not know it, Girlie is the class tower of learning. But just the same she had time to attend athletic games.

"And I just smile at times to see
What simple thots come over me."

Ward A. Grandy

Entered from Detroit Central High, Sept. 1917, House of John Burroughs, Athletic Association, Literary Society, R. O. T. C. Captain of Signal Corps, Patriotic League (4), B. R. Hi-Y (4), Working Boys Reserves (4).

Grandy came from Detroit, and hasn't been with us long enough to get into scrapes so we haven't learned much about him.

"Oil and water, women and a secret are hostile qualities."

Lucy Green

Athenian (1) (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

One look at these elegant features show that all the secrets run from her lips, as water through a sieve. "Loose" had her good qualities too, especially in shorthand.



SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"A furrowed brow, where corn might grow."

Arthur Haviland

"Art"

Class Base Ball (1), Lyceum (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

Art is an all around good sport. He still burns the midnight oil, but remember, "Art," the law of Physics. The action is bound to be as great as the repression.

"None but the brave deserve the fair,
and none but the brave can live with some of them."

Alice Hayward

Athenian (1) (4), Decorating Committee Baccalaureate (3), Vice-President Class (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4)

A sad verse, but true,—the above—but never mind Alice, you will get along somehow.

"Full of wise saws, and modern instances."

Floyd E. Henig

"Scrub"

Lyceum (1) (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y Club (4), Class Mottoer (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Program Committee, Lyceum (4), Banquet (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), Class Treasurer (4), Secretary Lyceum (4), Associate Editor Senior Sickle (4), Senior Play (4).

"Scrub" believes in the word PUSH. For him the elusive maiden exerts her charms, but sometimes in vain. Strict business makes him proof.

"The welfare of my country is my first concern."

Carl F. Hilts

"Bud"

President Hi-Y Club (4), Lieutenant Co. B., 1st Battalion, Junior Guard (2) (3), Chairman Decorating Committee Senior Send-off (3), Lyceum (1) (2) (3) (4), Thespian (4), Lyceum Mock Trial and Plays (2) (3) (4), Class Foot Ball (1), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Senior Play (4).

Bud has the honor of being the first man in the service of the American government to graduate from Adrian Hi. Old Adrian will lose a mighty able man when Carl leaves us.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Men are like fish, neither would get into trouble if they kept their mouths shut."

Earle Hoffman

"Huffy"

Base Ball (3) (4), Class Base Ball (3) (4), Lyceum (3) (4), Class Track (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Never mind Earle you'll get along all right if you don't try to argue all the time. Give the teachers credit for some gray matter.

"Every man has business and desires—such as they are."

Valentine Pierson Hoffman

"Hoff"

Foot Ball Reserves (3), Manager Base Ball (3), President Athletic Association (4), Chairman Board of Control (4), 1st. Lieutenant H. S. Cadets (4).

Although a late arrival, "Hoff" has been one of the live wires of the class. Under his sagacious rule the Athletic Association has become a power to be reckoned with.

"As baffling as the Sphinx"

Dorothy Holloway

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Dorothy is our class mystery. She never mentions what her business is, so we can't say much about her.

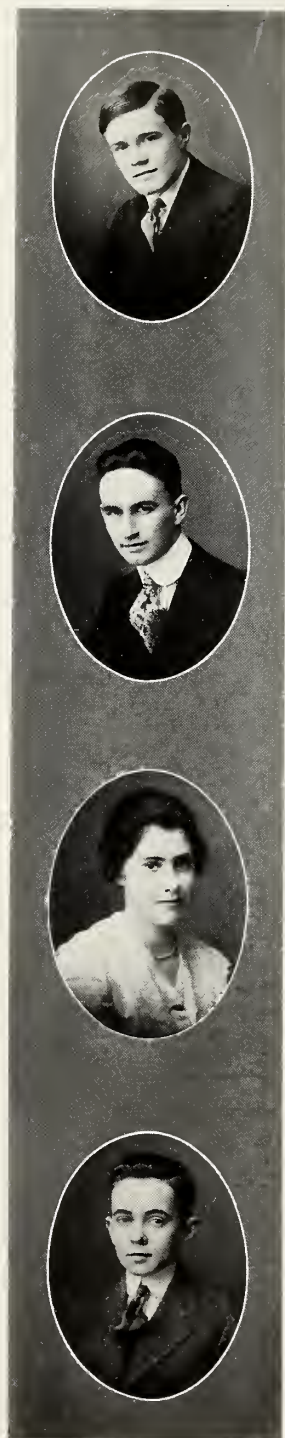
"A two cent smile gets more from you than a ten dollar frown."

J. Leslie Holmes

"Ducky"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Lyceum (3), Hi-Y Club (3) (4), Senior Play (4).

"Ducky" is never guilty of being caught without his smirk. We are always sure of a hilarious time when he is around for it is impossible to be cross.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"A generous action is its own reward."

Mildred E. Howe

"Ford"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Marshall Red Cross First Aid (2), Declamatory Contest (2), Junior Red Cross (4), Patriotic League (4), B. B. (1) (2), Athenian (2) (3) (4), Thespian (4), Toast Senior Send-off (3), Class Motto Committee (4), Senior Play (4).

It is difficult to say anything about Mildred because she has such a kaleidoscopic nature. Before you can decide on one characteristic she has shifted into another. A correct size-up of her personality will therefore have to be left to those whose mental perspicuity is greater than ours.

"Words, words, words."

Herbert E. Howell

"Facetious Prof."

Editor-in-chief Senior Sickle (4), President Thespian (4), Secretary Hi-Y Club (4), Chairman Program Committee Lyceum (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Advertising Manager Booster Party (3), Red Cross Play Program (4), Lyceum (3) (4), Hi-Y Club (3) (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

Ye who gaze hereon, remember that ye look upon the editor-in-chief of ye Sycle! But seriously, it is through this young man's earnest and concentrated efforts that this year's Sickle has been made a success. We are certain that he will reap honor and success for old A. H. S.

"Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top."

Lloyd Hughes

"Proff," "Butch," "Kiddie"

Lyceum (1) (2), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4).

Lloyd is noted in High for this musical abilities. We know from the way you play the saxophone that you will some day be a great musician. But remember, although it is quite correct to dream, make your dreams realities.

"A beauty masked like a sun in eclipse
gathers more gazers than if it shown out."

Bernice H. Ives

"Bunnie"

Athenian (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Refreshment Committee Lyceum and Athenian Mock Banquet (4).

Every time we look at "Bunny" we see signs of perfection unnoticed before. She has a face that never dulls or wearies the restless eye.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"A rolling stone gathers no moss,
But certainly makes things lively."

Geraldine Johnson

"Gerry"

Athenian (1), Dramatic Club (2), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3), Vice-President (1), Color and Flower Committee (1), Class Program (2), Basket Ball (1) (2) (3), Declamation Contest (2), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

We have seen very little of Gerry this year owing to her insatiable desire to travel. Her return to Adrian has filled up a long empty social gap.

"Speak clearly if you speak at all."

George Kapnick

"Giggie"

Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Athletic Association (3) (4).

George is a good imitation of the Egyptian Sphinx. He is the unsolved riddle of the class.

"Who chooses me shall get as much as he deserves."

Alice Delia King

"Fatty"

Athenian (1) (2) (3) (4), Thespian (4), Basket Ball (3), Senior Send-off Program (3), Senior Play (4).

Perceive this visage. It is that of our most active exponent of woman's rights. Miss King has stated that she will be a suffragette after graduation.

"Her life is one perpetual smile."

Genevieve M. Koehn

"Jean," "Jerry," "Jennie" "Billie"

President Athenian (4), Secretary Athenian (4), Vice-President Athenian (3), Treasurer Athenian (3), Athenian (2), Secretary Forum (4), Associate Editor Sickie (4), Toast Lyceum Banquet (3), Basket Ball (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (2) (3) (4), Music Committee Athenian (2), Thespian (4), Senior Play (4).

Without the lively vivacity of "Jeny" this school would seem dull and lifeless. Her vivid personality keeps you guessing what she will do next. Her brilliant and clever wit has sent many a presuming young man to his downfall.



SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"All the wise men are dead and I am feeling sick."

Raymond F. Koehn

"Koehnie," "Milwaukee"

President High School Patriotic League (4), President Class (2), President Lyceum (4), Manager Basket Ball Team (4), Treasurer Lyceum (2), Secretary Lyceum (2), Lyceum Mock Trial (3) (4), Track (2) (3) (4), Football Monogram (3), Yellmaster (2) (3) (4), Chairman Senior Play Committee (4), State Track Meet (3), Lyceum Minstrel Show Director (4).

Behold the features of this man. Words fail when we attempt to describe him so we will let his record speak for itself.

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act."

Addie M. Krueger

"Adaline"

Athenian (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), High School Red Cross (4).

"Adaline" is apt to let her words run away with her thoughts but she has a good heart just the same.

"Goodness centers in the heart."

Frances Lillian Lantz

"Fritz"

Athenian (1) (2) (3) (4), Forum (4), Thespian (4), Girls' Basket Ball (2) (3) (4), Chairman Athenian Membership Committee (2), Senior Send-off Committee (3), Forum Program Committee (4), Chairman Athenian Program Committee (4), Secretary Thespian (4), Senior Class Invitation Committee (4), "Somewhere in France" (4), Vice-President Athenian (4), Secretary Junior Red Cross (4).

We will all miss the jolly good-natured features of "Fritz" from these class halls of learning. Although laboring under heavy obstacles, she has covered herself with glory as the above record shows.

"What is woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders."

Florence Ellen Lehman

"Lemon"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Mark well that verse. Although we call her "Lemon" she is not at all like that species of fruit. So far as we know she has never given one to anybody.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."

Jessie Blanche Linger

"Jess"

Athenian (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Chorus (1), Junior Red Cross (4), Patriotic League (4), Girls' Basket Ball (1).

Jessie is another young woman who has trod her four years of high school life without creating any loud sensations. But we all know her as a most good-natured and dependable person who cannot help but bring credit to our class in the "great outside."

"Beauty charms the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Zana Louise Lowth

"Zany"

Entered in 1916. Forum (4), Athenian (3) (4), Athenian Program Committee (4), Thespian (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Patriotic League (4).

It is with great pleasure that we come across this name. All who know "Zany" will agree that she is the perfect embodiment of merit.

"A Southern Girl."

Ruth Irene Mattern

"Rufus"

Entered in 1916 from Little Rock, Arkansas. Athletic Association (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Athenian (4), Chairman Athenian Program Committee (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Ruth is one of the unassuming people who, nevertheless, has a large circle of friends. Now tell us, Ruth, if the main attraction in Minnesota is your married sister.

"Be wiser than other people if you can."

Ottile Louise Matthes

"Ottie"

Athenian (1) (4), Chairman Athenian Program Committee (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), President First Aid (3), Thespian (4), Chairman Executive Committee of Thespian (4), Member Decorative Committee Senior Send-off (3), Invitation Committee (4).

"Ottie" is another example of the shining ability and talent that compose this class, making it the best that ever graduated from A. H. S.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"For student's brow the laurel ever grows."

Glendora McComb

"Glennymae"

Forum (4), President of Forum (4), Girls' Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Junior Red Cross (4), High School Patriotic League (4).

Glendora is seldom seen without her chum Roberta. But the whirl-wind defense is sure some record of yours. Ask the rest of us.

"All women are ambitious and I am not an exception."

Letha McRobert

"Lethe"

Art Editor Senior Sickles (4), Athenian (1) (2) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Athenian Program Committee (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Letha has some talent in art so you see she has had something to do with the Sickles. Everything this year, including art, has reached the high water mark. It's a pretty good thing to judge good from bad, not only in art, you know.

"To be honest as the world goes,
is to be one woman picked out of ten thousand."

Hazle M. Merillat

Athenian (2) (3) (4), Thespian (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4).

It is a real pleasure to come across a person whom you may be sure is not trying to get something out of you. When Hazle is near you it is not necessary to hide your property or secrets.

"The art of making friends is one of God's greatest gifts."

Lucile M. Michener

"Mutch"

Athenian (1) (2) (3) (4), First Aid (2), Thespian (4), Chorus (1) (3), Bul-Bul (1).

Look at the charmer of our class, all men with good looks are her prey. So you know she is the Siren of our class. Farewell.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Smiling, frowning, ever more—
Thou art most perfect in love lore."

Salome Milich

"Little One"

Class Color Committee (1), Class Program (2), Under-Graduate Editor of Sickle (2), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Athenian (1) (2) (3), Membership Committee Athenian (2), Program Committee Athenian (3), Forum (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

"Little One" has some literary talent, so has written for magazines. At present the volume she is compiling is "The Art O'Love." (Love Making for High School Students.) Every student should procure this when published.

"Everyone of us has a gift which is peculiar to her."

Geraldine Lucille Miller

"Geddine"

Athenian (1) (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Vice-President (2), Chairman Music Committee Athenian (3), Undergraduate Editor Sickle (3), Joke Editor (4), Vice-President Athenian (4).

Behold the muse of music, whose melodious voice has enchained and enthralled us all. Methinks I see a shadow, though.

"Awake! Arise! or be forever fallen."

Thomas Mullins

"Tommy"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Tommy hasn't yet awakened to the fact that he is in high school. His dreamy look in the study hall gives one the impression that his mind is upon the cool banks of the old swimming hole rather than on his studies.

"All mankind loves an athlete."

Harry M. Munn

"Hank"

Entered from Breckenridge High School 1917. Athletic Association (3) (4), Class Foot Ball (3) (4), Class Basket Ball (3) (4), Class Track (3), Class Base Ball (3), Foot Ball (4).

As an athlete "Hank" holds a secure position in our hearts. When he did the pole vault the rest of us got stiff necks.



SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Genius is eternal patience."

Ina Lucile Myers

Entered from Jasper High School 1916. Athenian (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Here is one of our best students, even if she did hail from Jasper, that Mecca for sleigh-riders. Her art contributions adorn several pages of this number.

"All the beauty of the place is in thy heart and in thy face."

Esther B. Nicolai

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Class Basket Ball (2) (3) (4), Senior Send-off Decorating Committee (4), Thespian (4), Secretary Thespian (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Hail to the basket ball star! It was through Esther's ability that the seniors won the class championship. We lift our hats.

"Ah, me! How weak a thing the heart of woman is!"

Marguerite Nixon

"Peggy"

Athenian (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Although Marguerite is our smallest (in size) yet we are aware of her presence. There are a lot of little people in the world who are farmers, so don't be discouraged. Your effervescent "giggle" gets us.

"'Tis no more than right for woman to be wise."

DeEtta Marie Osborne

"Betty"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Thespian (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

DeEtta has been so busy absorbing wisdom that she has had no time for other things. But that is no sure thing when we know that not all the innocent people are so because they look that way.



SENIOR



SICKLE

SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"The good die young, so don't worry."

Helen Philo

"Toots"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Athenian (1) (3), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

One might judge from your quotation that you were noted for your misdeeds but don't worry "Tisn't so!" You are very harmless as far as we know.

"A moment's thinking is an hour in words."

Ronald S. Pocklington

Entered from Ridgeway, 1917. Patriotic League (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Orchestra (3) (4).

Ronald always thinks before he acts and in that way saves a lot of trouble reserved for others who are more impulsive. It's a pretty good habit to fall into, not to talk too much.

"Knowledge is power."

William E. Poling

"Bill"

Entered from Clayton High School, 1917. Lyceum (4), Thespian (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Hi-Y Club (4), Senior Play (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

"Bill" surely takes the cake for assimilating knowledge. He soaks it in like a sponge. Aren't you glad that you chose a High School education in Adrian?

"Sail on nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee."

Charles Pollard

"Polly"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Lyceum (1) (2) (3) (4).

Polly is the only member of our class who has the honor of being in the navy. He will bring honor and glory for old Adrian in the Navy.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Speaking silence is better than senseless speech."

Olive Lucille Reynolds

Entered from Britton, 1916. Athenian (3), Athletic Association (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Lucille's very silence can express more than the words of many. When we want a pleasant change from the chatter of the world, we know who to come to.

"Self-trust is the first secret of success."

Agnes Richardson

"Dick"

Athenian (1) (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Thespian (4), Class Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Orchestra (4), Literary Editor (4), Ring and Pin Committee (3).

Well, "Dick," (we hardly dare call you that), to your judgment was left the selection of the literary productions in this Sickle. It's a credit to you that such good ones are contained herein. You are a cyclone on the basket ball court and we've heard that you like to rough 'em up.

"Time elaborately thrown away."

Everett Ridge

"Ridgie"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Class Treasurer (3), Lyceum (4), Class Foot Ball (1) (2) (4), Class Basket Ball (1) (2), President Agricultural Association (3), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

One would think, "Ridgie," that you surely have accomplished from your honors a long line of stunts. But we believe that you could waste more time in a minute, scientifically, than others do in an hour.

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence."

Florence G. Rogers

"Kid"

Entered in 1917. Athletic Association (3) (4), Athenian (3), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

We can't quite conceive, Florence, how you got the above appellation. Where, oh where, did they get the inspiration to call you such a majestic name?



SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"Smile, now. When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee."

Alice Mae Sayers

"Bobby"

Athletic Association (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Thespian (4).

Smiles don't cost anything. We wish you would show yours more often. Do us a favor for once. There's a good girl.

"When a man is earnest, knows what he is about, his work is half done."

Elmer Wm. Schoen

"Schoenie"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), President Thespian (4), Lyceum (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), Chairman Baccalaureate and Class Day Decorating Committee (3).

Mr. Schoen is one of our most energetic and efficient students. His hobby is militarism, for he likes to play with Shields.

"Work is the tax that a man pays the people for being eminent."

Karl S. Schoen

"Schoenie"

Lyceum (3) (4), Class Secretary (2), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Assistant Business Manager Sickie (4), Senior Play (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), Secretary Athletic Board of Control (3).

For the benefit of those who read the lives of the two young men above, we will say "Schoenie" and "Schoenie" are not twins. Of course, you'd think so when you see the ability of the two. It seems to us that the two Schoens thought they'd divide up all the honors between the two of them. But that's not the case.

"Sleep, gentle sleep, my refuge from the world and all its cares."

Elwyn L. Smith

"Deacon"

President Class (3), Treasurer Class (2), Secretary Class (1), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Lyceum (2) (3) (4), Business Manager Sickie (4), Manager Track (3), Senior Play (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4).

"Smittie" is our talented Business Manager. His loyalty to the class and its interests is very marked, and our trust in his worth has been shown by the offices he holds and has held.



SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"She who is able to hold her tongue can side-track a lot of trouble."

Mildred C. Stadler

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Athenian (1) (2) (3) (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Patriotic League (4).

Mildred is one of a set of invincible twins. It's a good thing to have someone talk to you and Adelle makes up for that. But Mildred never did waste more words than was absolutely necessary. You must surely delight the eyes of Hoover, for your conservation is most worthy.

"What thou art we know not."

Albert Stark

Junior Red Cross (4), Patriotic League (4), Athletic Association (4).

Albert seems to have a love for obscurity and quietness that keeps him out of the affairs of the busy world.

"Talent is something but tact is everything."

Beulah Strong

Basket Ball Class Games (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Athenian (1) (2), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Beulah does not say very much about herself because she doesn't want anyone to suffer by comparison. "Strong" is right in basket ball, for you came in "Strong" at the finish.

"Our deeds determine us."

Robert Swanson

Athletic Association (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Red Cross (4), Class Basket Ball (4).

Although "Bob" has not been long with us, he has made his mark as a basket ball player.





SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"I dare do all that becomes a man. Who dares do more, is none."

Harold E. Teachout

"Slim"

Basket Ball (3) (4), Base Ball (3) (4), Class Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Class Base Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Class Foot Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Acting Captain Basket Ball (4).

"Slim" isn't afraid of anything alive. He is the Basket Ball luminary of the Seniors. When the Adrian veterans lead by the redoubtable "Slim" appear on the court, all opponents quail.

"Alone, I did it."

Geneva Terry

Class Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

Independence itself. She never sponges on anyone. As an animal of conveyance, a "pony" is unknown to her.

"A man who always looks for trouble, generally finds it."

Harold Treat

"Treaty", "Red"

Class Base Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Class Basket Ball (2) (3), Class Foot Ball (3) (4), Lyceum (2), Base Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Captain Base Ball (4).

"Treaty" has distinguished himself as a comet on the diamond. But remember your worst fault and watch out for a scrap.

"Fix your eye upon excellence."

Cecile Gladys Vogel

"Pete"

Entered from Paulding High School 1917. Athletic Association (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Secretary Agricultural Association (3).

Excellence is one of the greatest virtues in the world. "Pete" surely surpasses the rest of us in altitude.



SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"War is Naught but Toil and Trouble."

Earnest Wade

"Wadie"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Captain Foot Ball (4), Captain Basket Ball (4), Foot Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Track (1) (2) (3), Base Ball (1) (2) (3).

Wadie is Adrian's great athlete and the champion of our class in this line. There is not space enough on this page to enumerate the exploits of the man so we will have to desist.

"What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think."

M. Althea Westgate

"Shortie"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Girls' Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4), Athenian (3), Junior Red Cross (4), Patriotic League (4).

"Shortie" does a lot of thinking and not much talking which has made her many friends. The twins are not the only ones. She knows what she wants to do and that's more than many can say.

"Truly, and I hold ambition of so light and airy a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow."

Harry LaVerne White

"Whitie," "Slats"

Lyceum (1) (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4), Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), Property Manager Senior Play (4).

"Slats," mark well the lines above. Get over your disposition to take things easy and you'll surprise us all.

"She could pain nobody."

Lillian S. Zumstein

"Billy"

Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Junior Red Cross (4).

And now the end of our long roll has come. Lillian, with that typing and shorthand, you must succeed in accomplishing something in this wide world of ours.



SENIOR ROLL OF HONOR

"No sleep til morn when youth and pleasure meet.
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Harold Darling *"Ducky"*

Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), Athletic Association
(1) (2) (3) (4), Patriotic League (4), Foot Ball (4).

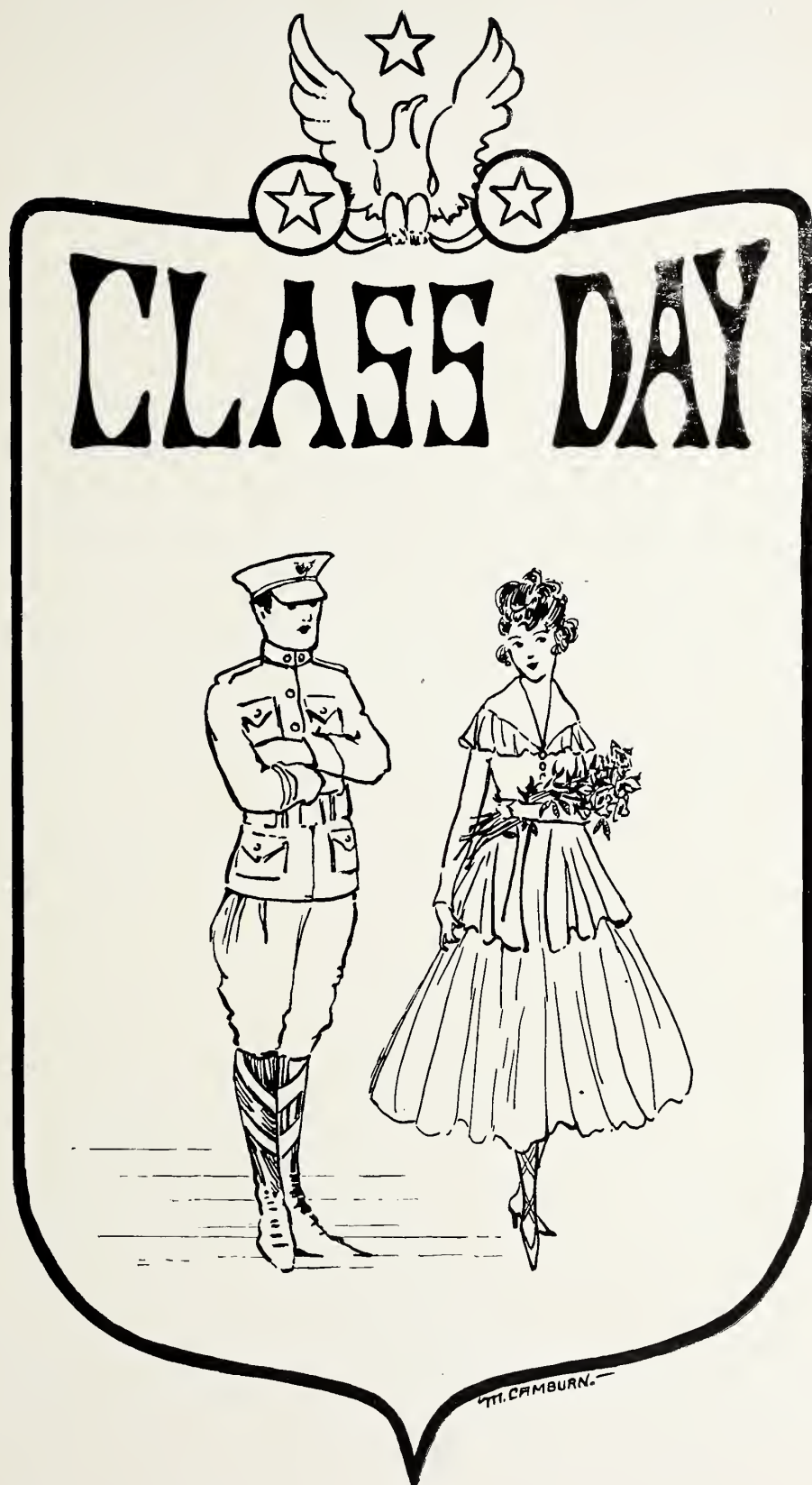
Ducky is one of our foot ball stars and a lover of
pleasure as the above verse shows.

"The best of men have ever loved repose."

Halland Darling

Lyceum Minstrel Show (4), Basket Ball (3) (4),
Patriotic League (4), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3)
(4).

Halland has lots of ability but his love of ease and
dislike for hard work has somewhat hidden it.





SALUTATORY

Porter G. Dean

THE four happy years of our high school life have rolled by and tonight we find that we have climbed only one small foot hill of the great mountain of life. When we entered upon our high school career we concentrated our efforts upon graduation as the goal of our ambitions, but now that we have attained our youthful aims we find ourselves just ready to step out into the wide, wide world which is so full of opportunities for a much greater and more worthy success.

This is a very critical period in our lives, for now we are to enter upon the highways of life which bring us to success or failure. It is very necessary, at this time, that every young person should strive to make a decided success of his life at every stage; for, in the course of a few years, it will be up to us, as the Americans of tomorrow, to take up the great responsibilities which must necessarily arise out of the present world crisis. Therefore, it is the duty of each of us to prepare seriously, carefully and thoughtfully for some great work in the future.

Adrian High School has given us a foundation in the preparation for this great work, which we are individually to take up and, although tonight we cannot fully appreciate the advantages which have been afforded us, some day we shall look back and realize what the education received here has meant to us, and we shall always cherish a place deep in our hearts for Old Adrian High.

But our education has not been attained through our own efforts alone. We owe much to our teachers for their untiring efforts in our behalf. They have put forth all of their energy in preparing us for our future careers. Although we have seemed ungrateful at times, we fully appreciate their efforts and we shall always hold them in the highest esteem. To our parents, who have made the greatest sacrifice for us, we can only show our gratitude by our efforts toward success in life. To our under-classmen, alumni and friends we extend our best wishes for their encouraging words and the interest that they have shown in our class. We see that our success has been due much less to ourselves than to those who have surrounded us.

Friends, you are assembled here, tonight, to listen to some of the varied accomplishments which we have attained in Adrian High School. The Class of Nineteen Hundred Eighteen salutes you and most heartily bids you welcome to these, Our Class Day Exercises.



CLASS HISTORY

Salome Milich

TWELVE long years ago we left our happy homes in Babyland where "ignorance is bliss" and set sail in the good ship, Study, for a New World where "knowledge is power." Our voyage for seven years was a happy and uneventful one, marred only by the death of some of our number who disembarked on the enchanted island of Idleness and were lulled into a fatal sleep by the siren, Laziness.

In the autumn of 1913, we reached the island, Eighth Grade, just off the coast of the land called High School. Here we met our first great foe, Eighth Grade Examination. The law of the land was the Law of Averages and the foe came forth armed with the terrible sword of percentage and killed many of our number, while his horrible visage frightened others to death. We sojourned a year in this island, then sailed across to the mainland.

One quiet September morning in 1914 we sailed into the stormy harbors of Clapping In, disembarked on the shores of High School Land, and entered the city called "Freshman Class," at the foot of the mountain of Learning.

Here we met and conquered the Ogre named Algebra, who tried to snare us with equations, but succeeded in capturing only a small number of our band.

George Lennard, a valiant warrior, was our commander-in-chief during this year and safely lead us through this city to the gates of another city called Sophomore.

The second year of our pilgrimage was spent in this place, where we gained renown for ourselves in the declamatory and athletic contests, although some of our number fell by the wayside, overcome by the fumes issuing from the nostrils of the monster, Geometry. For our commander this year, we chose the able orator and swift runner, Raymond Koehn, who led us to the city Junior.

The next year under the leadership of one of the famous Smiths, a direct descendant of John, we successfully dodged Blue Slip and Failure Slip, the twin dragons that haunted our paths. We safely passed Scylla and Charybdis, otherwise known as Spring Weather and Pleasant Walks, and at last reached more peaceful waters.

The Senior Send-Off, a celebration which we had planned for another band of pilgrims, was abandoned when Sorrow and Misfortune overtook them, and June found us encamped before the city called Senior.



The fourth year and the last of our High School pilgrimage arrived and we found that our band was now composed of one hundred Seekers of Wisdom, and after much consideration, Karl Schoen was appointed as our ruler.

We showed our superiority over the other inhabitants of this land by winning the championship in foot ball and basket ball, and for the glorification of all the dwellers in the Land of Learning we presented "The Man of the Hour."

Many times have we been cast into the Slough of Despair, and met with Misfortune, but at last we have conquered by concentration the lions guarding the Castle of Wisdom, have gained our diplomas and reached the Land of our Heart's Desire.





GIFTATORY

Raymond Koehn, Elmer Schoen

TO US has been given the very great honor and privilege of awarding prizes of valor to certain members of the class of '18, who, during our four years' stay in Adrian High School, have shown themselves especially deserving of mention. It was our first intention to present each member of the class with some suitable gift but a glance at our numbers showed the fallacy of such an undertaking. However, we have endeavored to select those whose hard work and untiring efforts have made this class what it is today, and if by mistake we have passed by anyone deserving of credit, we here and now beg his most exalted pardon.

To Karl Schoen, our worthy president, we present this presidential chair which has been handed down for centuries by the famous Ka-know-nothing tribe of Indians. This Ka-know-nothing tribe is a descendent of the Do-nothing and Have-nothing tribes, early settlers of Adrian High School, and we hope Mr. Schoen will appreciate the effort we made to secure this priceless treasure for him.

We have here a box of the latest imported Parisian Rouge and Lamp-black, which we hope Lucile Michener and Ina Myers won't quarrel over.

After much consideration we decided to present Master Harold Teachout, our prize beauty sleeper both in and out of school, with this up-to-date, magnificent reverberating chiming army alarm clock which, when wound up chimes out, "I can't get 'em up! I can't get 'em up!"

This little slip of paper, insignificant to you, means that Miss Thera Dickerson has the privilege of inserting the following advertisement in the "want column" of the Adrian Daily Telegram. "Wanted—One husband, must be single, good looking, and must own a car."

We take great pleasure in presenting Major Chandler Bond with this little tin soldier and hope that in his spare moments he will derive much pleasure and inspiration from contemplating it, and that he will place him soon in the "rank and (Rankin) file."

For this baby grand piano which goes to Miss Glendora Gibson, our class musician, we are still deeply in debt to the Cloth and Wornout factory.

We are sorry to announce at this time that the Bull Durham Company can no longer place tags upon their five cent sacks of tobacco as Mr. Carl Hilts has shot the bull which poses for the picture. We wish to present this little gun to him, and with it our devout hope that he continue in his good work.

No, ladies and gentlemen, this is not a season basket ball ticket, but



on the contrary it is a season ticket to Mademoiselle Guggenheimer's Beauty Parlor which we have purchased for Miss Idonea Forsyth.

This book we wish to present to Mr. Porter Dean and hope that the instructions within will prove valuable to him. The title of this book is "How to Court the Women," by Firth Anderson.

This loaf of Graham Bread we hand over without further argument to Miss Marian Barber, because we heard she liked Graham.

Our two chemist sharks, Mr. Marion Dibble and Mr. Thomas Mullins, have just discovered a new fat reducer. It is with their consent and desire for experimentation, that Miss Agnes Campbell will try this new bottle of "Ribmalfatcomelessor."

He has won many honors in athletics, but this scholarship "A," which the noted I. W. W.'s (I won't work) presented him, we think surpasses all others. We take great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Julian Frank has been accepted in the Royal Order of U-Need-A-Rest.

Miss Geraldine Miller has been pronounced winner of this up-to-date book entitled, "Dancing Lessons Taught by Mail," edited and published by George Kapnick and Dorothy Holloway.

We had much difficulty in securing this doll, as all the "Dolls" of Adrian High School are either laid aside or spoken for. However, we finally found our object in "All-pig's" Department Store, and at this time we have the pleasure of presenting this little million dollar baby doll to Mr. Donald Cornell.

It is with the hope that Miss Beulah Strong will become stronger and thereby be the strongest member of our class that we present her with this pair of dumb bells.

After searching through all the ancient Egyptian tablets and all the Roman works of art, and after perusing through all darkest Africa and the ruins of Pompeii, and after diligently examining all the volumes of the Adrian High School Library, we feel confident that the word contained on this scroll, "Zuabdcyxwefgvtsrhij5432 divided by Klmnqpo will at last balk Mr. Herbert Howell as to meaning and pronunciation.

Our task is now completed. We hope that the gifts will prove pleasing, and that you will save them for your 'hairs.' And now, wishing you and the class of '18 a speedy success in their new occupations, we bid you farewell.





CLASS POEM

Frances Lantz

"DEEDS, NOT WORDS"

Do you ever feel a trifle sad,
When the golden sun is about to set,
And the end of a precious day you've had
Recalls sweet memories you can't forget?

Memories of your sorrows and trials,
Memories of the good you have done,
Of someone made happy by your smiles;
Memories of a life work begun.

Do you ever ponder, as alone you sit
Of the comparative worth of your words and deeds?
And which to you does seem most fit
To meet your own and your Country's needs?

Words by themselves no good can do,
Promises only are always weak;
We all are judged by the deeds we do,
By the acts of our will, not the words we speak.

Our Class is now watching the setting sun,
Sad at the thought that the day will close;
But rejoice that we our aims have won,
In spite of words that tried to oppose.

We are loathe to bid our friends good-bye,
These fellow-workers who are so dear;
But realize that the time is nigh,
So send them on Life's road with cheer.

Over, now, are our school days of strife,
And the end we view with greatest sorrow;
We begin our work in the School of Life,
When comes the dawn of a to-morrow.



THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

Raymond Koehn

THESE are days of stress! As we meet and greet each other on the busy street, in the halls of learning, the lodge room or the church, or as we gather about our firesides to discuss the events of the day, in fact no matter where we are or what we may be doing, there is only one subject uppermost in the mind of each of us, and that is the suffering and anguish our brothers are experiencing over there, as they struggle with the terrible Hun. But, few of us ever think of little Belgium and the part she has played in this mighty conflict. Brave little country! After having every sacred law of neutrality and her inviolable right as a nation broken, she took up her arms to defend herself as a righteous nation on God's free earth, against a vast military power which said, "Might makes Right." Before the allied world was aware of the plans of the ravishing Huns, little Belgium was transformed from an innocent bystander to a valiant Spartan, and held the pass for democracy until France could mobilize her forces and defend her capital city. And when at last her puny forces broke down 'neath the strain and tension of it all, that little country suffered without a murmur all the fury and the hate of a mad monarch and his chiefs, crazed with the idea of world dominion.

But to better understand this utter disregard of international law, it will be necessary for us to review a little of the history of Belgium; that tiny country that dared say "No!" to the greatest military organization the world has ever known.

On June 26, 1831, five great powers of Europe signed a treaty ordaining that Belgium should forever be considered neutral ground and that her territory should at all times be free from invasion. King Leopold I, addressing the Belgian Parliament, in 1840, reminded the Belgians that their very existence as a nation depended upon their observance of their pledge of neutrality to Europe. Leopold II, speaking from the throne in 1870, said that Belgian people were in no danger of forgetting the terms under which their territory would be inviolable.

Thus we see that Belgium was promised perpetual neutrality by the powers of Europe and we learn from the speeches of their kings, that Belgium's very existence depended upon keeping her promise to the European nations. This having been decided, the fifth convention of the Hague went on to ascertain what actions would be violating a country's neutrality and drew up several articles among which we find the following:

Art. I. The territory of neutral powers is inviolable.



Art. II. Belligerents are forbidden to move across the territory of a neutral power, troops and convoys, either of munitions of war or of supplies.

Art. X. The fact of a neutral power repelling, even by force, attacks on its neutrality cannot be considered as a hostile act.

This agreement was signed by forty-four states including Germany. In addition to these treaties, oral guarantees were given by official representatives of the German Empire in regard to Belgium's neutrality. Herr Von Jagow, Secretary of State for foreign affairs, before the Reichstag in 1913 said: "Belgian neutrality is provided for by International Conventions and Germany is bound to respect those Conventions." The Minister of War, Von Heerigan, at the same meeting said: "Germany will not lose sight of the fact that Belgian neutrality is guaranteed by International treaty." With treaties and guarantees like those before her, Belgium had no doubt as to her position in the world war, which at this time seemed imminent.

But a series of events occurred which transformed Belgium from an innocent bystander to a modern Spartan. At 7 P. M. on August 2, 1914, an official document reached the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs thru the German Legation at Brussels, the text of which was that Germany had received reliable information that France intended to invade Germany thru Belgium. Germany felt that Belgium could not repel such an invasion successfully and that to insure proper protection to her army, she had decided to enter Belgian territory. Germany went on to say that if Belgium would permit this, all would be well and just reparation would be made. However, if Belgium saw fit to oppose such an invasion, she would be considered an enemy and would be dealt with accordingly.

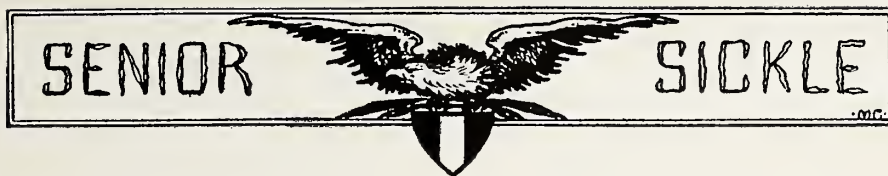
August 4, 1914, saw Belgium's reply to Germany's proposal in which she stated that Germany's information was a direct contradiction to the declarations given Belgium by the French Government, August 1, of that year. If, however, Belgium neutrality should be violated by France, Belgium would fulfill her international obligations and would offer the most vigorous resistance to the invader. Belgium went on to point out that the treaties of 1839 and 1870 guaranteed her independence and neutrality and that Germany's attack upon her would be a flagrant violation of international law. On the other hand, Belgium considered that if she were to accept Germany's proposal, she would be sacrificing the honor of the nation and betraying her duty to Europe. Belgium refused to believe that her independence could be preserved only at the price of the violation of her neutrality. She ended by stating: "If this hope is disappointed



the Belgian government is firmly resolved to repel by all means in its power, every attack upon its rights."

Germany, absolutely ignoring Belgium's reply, moved her troops into that country, preparatory to invading France. For four weeks that little nation held off the invading hordes, suffering more pain and devastation than has ever been experienced by any people. Their cities were literally swept away by fire and cannonading, their citizens were massed together at the market squares and shot down like dogs; over seven million of their people were deported into Germany for work in the fields and munition factories. To describe the torture and horrors the Belgium men and women suffered for the honor of their country, would require the eloquence of a Demosthenes. Germany absolutely disregarded all the rules of civilized warfare; forbidden projectiles such as dum dum bullets were hurled against the staunch defenders, captured soldiers were killed, unfortified towns like Louvain, Dinant and Fermonde were literally torn to the ground. Buildings used for scientific purposes were destroyed, hospitals were bombarded, churches devastated, historical monuments were demolished. No place was held sacred in Germany's frantic effort to terrorize Belgium into submission and to crush the Belgium spirit. Belgium's unexpected opposition had clogged the machine of the German war chiefs. Had Belgium not resisted, the Germans would have marched into Paris in a month and would have struck Democracy a blow from which the allies would not yet have fully recovered. Do you not believe, my friends, that Belgium is the real Galahad of Democracy?

There that little country stands today, ravaged from end to end, her populace separated, over seven million of her people held behind the German lines, her little army of a hundred thousand bravely fighting with their beloved king, Albert, along side of her allies. Beloved king, I say. No man is more idolized by his people than Albert of Belgium, the modern Leonidas of Europe. Rather than allow the honor of his country to be put aside and her pledge broken, he has seen his little kingdom go down beneath the foot of a mad monarch. Albert, I say, a king with a call divine, a man without a country, who proclaimed to his army on August 5, 1914: "Valiant soldiers in a holy cause, I have every confidence in your stubborn valour, and greet you in the name of Belgium. You will triumph, for you are the army which fights on the side of justice." And friends, they did triumph, for they showed to the world that nothing, not even the assurance of their political independence and Germany's protection could buy their honor and their sense of duty to humanity. At the present time the world is too busy to realize the vastness of Belgium's loss, but when the end comes, I repeat,



Belgium shall and will get full credit for the part she has played in preserving the democracy of the world.

And now, my friends, it remains for us, as Americans, to prove that those who have fought thus far so nobly, shall not have fought in vain and that those who have given up every cherished possession—their wealth, their homes, and their loved ones—shall see their purpose accomplished—we must strive on that the great task which we have undertaken may be accomplished and that we may crush the mailed fist of the Teuton and with our honorable allies guarantee peace and freedom to all the world.





CLASS PROPHECY

*Genevieve Koehn, Letha McRoberts
Zana Lowth*

TIME: 1935.

SCENE: Crystal Gazer's apartment. Stage lighted dimly. A couch hidden behind hanging curtains. Palms and other decorations are placed about the stage.

CHARACTERS

CRYSTAL GAZER, dressed in oriental robes. . .Genevieve Koehn

MISSIONARIES, just returned from India, { Letha McRobert
dressed in styles of 1935 } Zana Lowth

Curtain rises on scene of Crystal Gazer's apartment. Black slaves are standing in background. (Enter Letha and Zana.)

Letha: "I wonder if this is the right place. It said on the door, 'Walk In.' My, but it's a spooky place!"

Zana: "Well, anyway, it looks like the right place. But I don't believe in crystal gazing anyway, it's all bosh! The only reason I came is because you wanted me to."

Letha: "Well, now that we are here we might as well make the best of it. You know she said in her advertisement that she could tell the past, present and future of persons; anything you want to know about them and just what they are doing."

Zana: "Here's where we find out about every one of our one hundred class mates, scattered as they may be. I'll say that will be getting our money's worth. Of course, she must be a fake, but I'll try anything once. (Negro slaves come forward and draw back curtains before couch disclosing crystal gazer. Both girls jump.)

Letha: "Mercy! What does this mean?"

Zana: "Murder!"

Crystal Gazer: "What may be your pleasure, most noble ladies? Pray be seated."

Zana: "Well, we-er-er-r."

Letha: "We are missionaries who have just returned from India after a stay of many years, and we are most anxious to learn what has befallen our old classmates of 1918. We read in your advertisement that you could aid us. Just how do you do it?"

C. G.: "It is very easily done if one has the power. Have you the names of those about whom you wish to inquire?"



Zana: "Oh, yes! We have our Senior Sickle here." (Letha opens book.)

C. G.: "All that you have to do is to mention the name or names of your 1918 friends and I can tell accurately not only about any one of your friends, but also about those who may be occupied or employed with or near them."

Zana: "That is fine, but Letha, whom shall we ask for first?"

Letha: "Here's Frances Lantz's picture. She and Alice King were the Jolly Rogers of our class. What are they doing—we should like to know very much."

C. G.: "Certainly, in a moment." (Gazes earnestly into the crystal, and passes hands over it.) "Ah! a busy street scene is becoming visible. The scene seems to be at the intersection of two important streets. From the heavy and congested traffic it appears to be the heart of a large city. Two policemen are efficiently controlling the myriads of vehicles. Stop! They are policewomen! They are your friends, Frances Lantz and Alice King!"

Zana and Letha: (Gazing at each other in amazement) "Frances and Alice, Policewomen, Well!"

Zana: "Oh! But you must remember the world has changed greatly while we have been away. It is quite common to see them in large cities, I hear. But I have no doubt we will have some surprises today."

C. G.: "One moment before the scene fades. There are more of your friends here! A car is slowly threading its way through the congested traffic. Policewoman King salutes. I make out the occupants of the car to be your old friends, Harold Treat and his wife, Helen Philo Treat. The car is stopping in front of a large, handsome store. The sign on the store reads—J. Frank, Department Store. The young couple are gazing into a large window, within which living models are exhibiting the latest costumes and in them I recognize Bernice Ives and Jessie Linger. The scene is fading—it is gone."

Letha: "Julian has certainly prospered."

Zana: "He ran more towards athletics while in school. But he showed his business ability when he got Bernice and Jessie as models."

Letha: "Oh! See here is Donald Cornell's picture! I have often wondered whether he would become a singer or a 'society ladies' man'."

Zana: "There's nothing like finding out and we'll know in a minute." Aside—"This woman has a wonderful imagination."

C. G. (Slowly): "A gorgeous vision is appearing. It is a room—an oriental room, furnished in eastern splendor. Luxurious hangings, velvet rugs, marble fountains, satin, jewels—there is magnificence everywhere.



It is a harem—undoubtedly. The sultan is seated upon his priceless throne. The sultan is the Donald Cornell of former years. About him are his beautiful wives—Thera Dickerson and Geraldine Johnson. His queen, basking in his gracious smiles, I recognize as the former Florence Early."

Letha: "Zana, can you imagine it? And yet it sounds feasible! You remember Donald loved the women—at least the pretty ones."

Zana: "How I wish I could see them too!"

C. G.: "The sultan and his wives are being amused by a little dancing girl in whom I recognize the person of Marguerite Nixon. That is all—the room is disappearing—it is gone!"

Letha: "Well, it takes my breath away! It's like a fairy story. Quick, Zana, let's choose another name!"

Zana: "Here's Raymond Koehn's picture. I am so anxious to find out what has become of him, he was so full of ambition."

C. G.: "One moment! I see here a large mass of people, crowding together in a public square, listening to the words of an orator—whom I take to be a public official—who is eloquently addressing them from a high platform. The orator is Raymond Koehn. About him stand Alice Hayward, Roberta Baker and Glendora McComb, lifting a W. C. T. U. banner. From the liquor signs and advertisements upon the buildings I gather the city is Milwaukee. It is evidently Mr. Koehn's stupendous purpose to make Milwaukee dry during his administration—the picture is gone!"

Letha: "Zana, I'm proud of our class, that's certain. They seem to be accomplishing wonders. Raymond and those girls pull together well."

Zana: "But you know Raymond always could work better when the girls were around.—Here's our valedictorian's picture. I expect something from Eulalie Gourley."

C. G.: "Ah! a large room filled with tiers of seats occupied by men and women. An enormous gallery surrounds it, filled with spectators. Below are busy reporters. It is a joint session of the House of Representatives and Senate at the Capitol. The meeting is being presided over by the Vice President of the United States, Herbert Howell. The President of the United States in whom I recognize Mr. Karl Schoen, is addressing this honorable assembly. Looking about the room, I observe two more of your classmates, now senators, listening carefully to the President's words. They are Everett Ridge and Harold Teachout. I also note among the body of Representatives, Miss Eulalie Gourley, Albert Stark and Porter Dean. The picture is fading—it is gone!"

Letha: "Of course, we heard about Karl being President and Herbert



Vice President, but to think of having senators and representatives too! It's perfectly wonderful!"

Zana: "Well, they are all fitted for their offices certainly, and you know it is quite common now-a-days for women to be in Congress."

Letha: "How things have changed since 1918, when we left. I wonder if we are as well represented in the other walks of life. Here's Chandler Bond, our soldier boy. I wonder what he is doing, don't you?"

C. G.: "Ah! Tables, flowers, wine, dancers! There is an empty table ornately decorated in the foreground. A group of men are entering and gathering about the table. From the medals pinned upon their breasts, I take them to be a club of retired war veterans, celebrating no doubt the anniversary of their return to America. Their president, Chandler Bond, is rising to address them. Among their number, I see such of your classmates as William Poling, Marshall Bovee, Elmer Schoen, Ernest Wade, Charles Pollard and Carl Hilts. Wait! I recognize Idonea Forsyth as the feature dancer who has become one of the chief attractions of the roof garden. And one moment, I recognize the soloist who is receiving such bursts of applause as Hazel Merillat.—That is all."

Zana: "Well of all things! The great white lights certainly seem to have an attraction for our class. Idonea a dancer and Hazel a singer! They never gave any evidence of their talents while in school, that's certain."

Letha: "We can well be proud of our soldiers. They have all won fame in the war. Now, who is next? There's Salome Milich—Gaze on!"

C. G.: "I see a large thatched cottage surrounded by evergreens and tall trees. A well kept lawn extends down to the margin of a lake whereon a canoe rests. A wood surrounds the building. The place seems to be in a large forest in Maine. A peaceful summer resort. Upon the large porch sit two ladies whom, from their proprietary air, I take to be the owners—Mildred Armstrong and Mae Sayers. The tired visitor, peacefully sleeping in a hammock under the trees, I recognize as Lloyd Hughes. Sitting idly upon the boat landing, gazing across the waters for inspiration, her manuscript in her hand, is Salome Milich, a professional authoress. She is spending her summer at her friends' resort. There are no others here to interest you."

Letha: "Wasn't that a lovely description? We shall have to spend our next summer there. Mae and Mildred must make admirable hostesses."

Zana: "We certainly shall. I think every one of those has fulfilled his destiny, for if Lloyd loved to sleep, Salome loved quite as much to write. Next, let's see. Here's Mildred Camburn's picture. She was our artist, you remember, and drew the most of our 'Sickle' cuts."



C. G.: "A room is appearing—it is large, light and—yes, disorderly. There is statuary about and pictures everywhere. There are rich hangings upon the walls, bric-a-brac around—in short it possesses the richness and disorder of a typical artist's studio. In the center is an easel beside which, clad in artist's cap and apron, stands the artist, Mildred Camburn, painting profusely. The model attired in picture hat and evening gown, I recognize as Lucile Michener, Miss Camburn's most beautiful model. A young man is leaning against the wall idly watching. I recognize him as your classmate, Pierson Hoffman. His business there is indefinite, unless—yes, he is in love with Mildred and I perceive a diamond sparkle on her left hand. They are growing indistinct.—They have disappeared."

Letha: "Well, that's encouraging. I had begun to think that our class was comprised of nothing but old maids and bachelors!"

Zana: "It doesn't seem inclined toward extensive matrimony, does it? I expect Lucile makes a splendid model and I hope that Pierson and Mildred are both successful and happy."

Letha: "Do you remember Thomas Mullins, Zana? I don't believe he had a serious thought in him."

Zana: "But you can never tell about these funny people after they really grow up."

C. G.: "Next a small country church is becoming visible. It is located in a small town. The town is Rome Center. Thomas Mullins, the minister, is delivering a very impressive sermon. His wife, Lucy Green Mullins, is seated at the organ. In the congregation, I see many of your old school mates who are now happily married. Ormond Atkin and Fannie Chase Atkin are here, as are also Arthur Haviland and Ellen Bradish Haviland. Mrs. DeEtta Osborne Bennett and her husband, Alton, may also be seen. In the choir, I perceive Agnes Campbell, George Kapnick, Addie Krueger, Florence Rogers and LaVern White.

Zana: "To think that Thomas turned out to be a minister. He was always such a cut-up in school."

Letha: "Certainly it is funny, Rome Center needed some missionary work, but for Thomas to be the minister. The town must have improved greatly since all these of our school mates have settled there."

Zana: "Thelma Cota's name is next on the list of graduates. I shouldn't wonder a bit but that she is married happily by this time."

C. G.: "The scene changes greatly. A beach is appearing. It is night. The moon is shedding a soft glow over the palm and olive trees. A band of musicians are playing the enchanting Hawaiian music. Across the sandy beach a couple are strolling. They are Ralph Deibele and Thelma



Cota. Another couple are following them, Leone Fairbanks and Rubert Burgess. A canoe is floating toward the beach, therein I recognize Victor Bragg and Lucile Reynolds. Gazing again landward, I perceive Velma Colbath and Ward Grandy, who, seated under some trees, are engaged in conversation with Mildred Stadler, the chaperon of the party. It seems that they are a party of young folks who are traveling about the globe before settling down to married life, and who are now enjoying the beauties of Honolulu."

Zana: "I always thought some of our class mates would be fascinated by the alluring Honolulu scenery."

Letha: "Yes, let them enjoy life while they may. After they learn married life they may not enjoy themselves so much."

Zana: "Why, you pessimist. Next? Ah! Elwyn Smith. You remember our business manager, don't you? Of course, we expect something big from him."

C. G.: "I see herein a room filled with desks, telephones, and girls busily writing on the machines. It is from all appearances a portion of a large business concern. Upon the opaque door marked, "Private" are inscribed the names, "Elwyn Smith and Floyd Henig," Managers. The door is opening—a girl is proceeding from the room to her desk. She is evidently the private stenographer of the managers. She is Beulah Strong of 1918. Among the bevy of other stenographers, I make out Lillian Zumstein, Florence Coleman and Florence Lehman. That is all."

Letha: "Isn't that fine? Beulah always was a star typist. I wonder if there is anything our class cannot do?"

Zana: "Not that I know of, but there are not many names left. Oh, yes! Here are Geraldine Miller and Glendora Gibson. They were our musicians, and I know they have both followed music as a profession."

C. G.: "This scene appears to be laid in the auditorium of a High School—in fact it is your old High School Auditorium. The room is filled with men and women, obviously teachers—yes, it is a teachers' institute. The meeting is being presided over by Professors Firth Anderson and Marion Dibble, who are sitting sedately upon the platform. Geraldine Miller and Glendora Gibson, now noted musicians, have favored the institute by their presence in memory of former school days. They are now rendering some music for the audience, Miss Miller singing and Miss Gibson playing. In scanning the faces of the teachers in the audience, I perceive Ina Myers, Esther Nicolai, Mildred Howe and Geneva Terry, who from their homelike air, I take to be members of the High School Faculty."

Letha: "Of course, we had to have some teachers in our class and I



expect they are first class ones too. I should certainly like to hear Professor Anderson give a lecture. I think it is rather hard to imagine him in that role."

Zana: "It is hard, but perhaps we shall be able to see them all some day."

Letha: "Let's ask about Ruth Mattern next."

C. G.: "There appears before my eyes a very interesting picture. It is a cosy little brick house in the suburbs of a large city, perhaps Chicago—yes, Chicago. It is a retired Bachelor Girls' home. It is evidently a warm day and all the inmates are out of doors. I see the Matron, Ruth Mattern, playing croquet with Cecile Vogel, Althea Westgate, Dorothy Holloway and Zelma Bailey. And there is Leslie Holmes, who is their janitor and who seems to be umpiring the game."

Letha: "It is nice of Ruth to provide a home for these girls. But it seems queer that all of these girls have remained single after so many proposals."

Zana: "It must be they had so many good chances that they could not make a choice."

Letha: "Isn't it strange what has become of Genevieve Koehn? You know we called at the home where she lived, and no one seemed to know where she is."

Zana: "Now will be a good time to find out.—Gaze on."

C. G.: "A picture is forming but it is veiled by a mist. I can not see through it. Some mystery seems to surround your friend."

Letha: "Let us hope the mystery will soon reveal itself, who next?"

Zana: "Let's ask for our football star, Harry Munn."

C. G.: "Oh! A football game, how exciting! Chicago against Pittsburg. The score is close but still in favor of Chicago. Their success is due to their efficient captain, Harry Munn. I perceive the two Darlings and also the Bradly twins upon the team."

Letha: "Oh! I hope Chicago wins, for our classmates' sake."

Zana: "They surely will with such an efficient squad."

Letha: "Well, we surely have all our classmates located now, haven't we? There are some left though. Here's Paul Annis and several others."

Zana: "One at a time will do; we'll take Annis first."

C. G.: "A wonderful scene is appearing in my crystal—a large grandstand with gaily dressed people, pennants flying and ribbons streaming. The people are enthusiastically cheering and waving their banners as five horses sweep down the course, bearing their jockeys. It is the last round of the final heat and the crowd is anxiously awaiting the outcome. Even the lemonade vender, whom I recognize as Ronald Pocklington, has forgotten his business in the excitement of the moment. At last the horses



have passed beneath the wire and as the winning jockey proudly leads his horse past the grand stand, I perceive he is no other than your classmate, Paul Annis. The picture is fading away, but I recognize in the portly figure of the owner of the winning horse and of half of the other horses there, Earl Hoffman. The picture is fading—it is gone."

Zana: "That was thrilling! So Paul is a professional horse jockey. He always was in for speedy contests. And Ronald a lemonade vender! Wonders never cease, do they?"

Letha: "Not if Earl has grown portly and gone in for horses. Here's Agnes Richardson—more please!"

C. G.: "A tennis court is appearing. Two white clad figures, a young man and woman are playing against another couple. The court is surrounded by spectators among whom I perceive Mrs. Graham, formerly Marian Barber. They have come to watch Agnes Richardson and Robert Swanson, the figures on the court, win the Michigan Championship. From the score which stands three sets to the opponents' one, they bid fair to do so. Otilie Matthes and Eva Fish are also standing upon the side lines, taking notes for the evening paper for which they are reporters. Two others, happily married and residing near, are watching the game. They are George Beiswanger and Gladys Emery Beiswanger."

Zana: "I do hope they win and that all the rest are happily settled in life. I don't believe we have missed a single classmate. Our class has certainly done honor to old A. H. S. in the great outside world as it did in its schooldays."

Letha: "They are certainly doing their share in their country's work during its reconstruction period, following that terrible war. If all graduates would do as much this would be a wonderful country. I am glad the world is better because of the work of our class and may they never falter in their course. But come, Zana, it is getting late and we must be going."

Zana: "It certainly has been a wonderful hour and mere money can hardly recompense for it, but here you are." (Exit missionaries.)

C. G.: "I am very pleased to find that you are satisfied with my work, mesdemoiselles. If I can ever be of service to you in some future time, I shall be more than glad to accommodate you. Good afternoon." (Coming forward from couch and lifting the veil, revealing her identity.) "How strange they shouldn't have recognized me! And I was one of their best friends in the old High School days! But of course they wouldn't expect to find me engaged in crystal gazing. I shall have to call on them tomorrow and reveal myself to them. But then of course they will never believe in crystal gazing again when they find out what a fake I am. They will be surprised and much shocked. Anyway it will teach them that there is as Shakespeare says, 'A divinity that shapes our ends, prophesy about them as you may.'" (Exit.)



CLASS WILL

Mildred Camburn

IN THE NAME OF THE FACULTY, AMEN:

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that we the class of 1918, realizing that the day of our death is drawing near, and fully conscious of the great loss which the community will be called upon to bear, and being moreover, of sound mind and mature judgment, and not acting under duress, menace, fraud, or undue influences of any person, black or white, bound or free, do make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament, in the manner following, to-wit:

FIRST: We direct that all our just debts and funeral expenses shall be paid by our executor within a reasonable time after our demise, and would especially mention the debt of apology we owe the Faculty.

SECOND: To our beloved high school we bequeath the happy school day memories of our active school life.

THIRD: We will, bequeath, and advise to those who are to follow in our footprints, the Class of 1919, the following property, whatever be its nature, or wherever it may be found:—

- I. Our Senior Priveleges (which you will need a microscope to observe).
- II. Senior "Dignity," and the marked ability to win slips of the azure hue.
- III. The privilege of graduating without having paid undue attention to the guttural language of the atrocious Hun.
- IV. Our English note books with their lurid descriptions and accurate maps of the land where it is always summertime.
- V. Our Class "Pep" which has made us famous.

FOURTH: We will and bequeath to various members of the Faculty the following:

- I. To Mr. Ernest J. Reed, any old pencil stubs which may be found in the assembly room seats, with the request that he use them to write, for publication, the lectures which he has from time to time delivered during the various assembly periods.
- II. To Miss May R. Patch, any stray microscopes which may enable her to more closely scrutinize the handwriting on tardy excuses.



- III. To Miss Corbus, any matches which may be found in the boys' locker room, with which we request her to make a bonfire of all of her old German textbooks.
- IV. To Mr. Mills, an old muffler which was left in the cloak room, and which might be used in connection with his exhaust.
- V. To Miss Cora Willsey, we will our Gratitude for help along dramatic lines.

FIFTH: Because of the fact that we can find no one in the Junior class worthy of such valuable property as (1) Herbert Howell's vocabulary, (2) Major Bond's Strut, and (3) Lucille Michener's dramatic ability, we will have them filed in Mr. Griffey's office until deserving persons are discovered.

SIXTH: We do hereby will to Mr. Kratzer, our kindly and agreeable friend, our thanks for his uniform courtesy and affability.

AND LASTLY we nominate, constitute, and appoint our most wise and honorable Superintendent, Mr. C. H. Griffey, sole executor of this our last will and testament, and we authorize the executor to follow out the requests of this document as soon as possible.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have here unto set my hand and seal this 12th day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1918.

Signed, sealed, declared, and published by the said Karl Schoen, president of the Class of 1918.

WITNESSES: DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (seal)
ALBERT SLEEPER (seal)
ORVILLE POWERS (seal)





VALEDICTORY

Princess Eulalie Gourley

"THE FIRING OF LIFE"

ROLL back the tide of five centuries and let us visit the land of the Pueblos before Christopher Columbus had anchored his ship off the coast of San Salvador and taken possession of the land in the name of the king and queen of Spain.

The Indian village at which we stop has perhaps one hundred and fifty inhabitants, and is situated on a low plain shielded on all sides by vast, impressive mountains. In front of one wigwam we notice a stir of activity and a bustle of excitement. Mothers, with papooses strapped upon their backs, young Indian braves and handsome squaws are wending their way toward one of the wigwams, distinguished from the rest by an unusually large bonfire. Let us go nearer and investigate this peculiar proceeding.

Around the fire a group of young squaws is working in softened clay, molding and shaping it with various tools, and with their finger nails removing any little irregularities. Different colors of clay are used and the natural clay is sometimes mixed with ochre, so that the jugs, jars, vases and other utensils produced are white, brown, red and black. Four of the young squaws are perfecting the rims, four others are applying the handles to the jars and urns. Not infrequently one of the girls molds a more fanciful jar and holds it proudly aloft to excite the admiration of the other workers. No two jugs are alike even though they have been formed on the same general principle, and are intended for the same use.

Some of the women are taking the jugs to the fire in order that they may undergo the finishing process which consists in glazing them by subjecting each jar gradually to intense heat. This process is known as "firing" the clay and makes each jar suitable for use. We notice that a few of the vessels crack during the "firing" and are cast aside as worthless, but most of the pottery taken from the fire has an added beauty and luster and is manifestly much better fitted for service.

Dusky maidens in waiting quickly carry the vessels to the wigwam and place them in shining rows to await further disposal. Some of the jars, made of a brownish-gray clay, we know will become water jugs and household utensils. There are others, of similar shape, trimmed in many shades of brown, red and black, but without any special form of ornamentation, a higher grade of pottery intended, no doubt, for the chief's use. The few remaining vessels are, indeed, most beautiful, with their gold-



mottled rims and regularity of design, yet the very simplicity of their design and the richness of decoration indicates a higher service than that for which the jugs and jars were intended. Even now, these urns are being filled with incense and perfume, so we know that they are destined for religious service in the adobe temple near at hand.

And now, let us come back to the twentieth century and to the town in which we live. We say that we live in an "Age of Efficiency," yet the class of graduates here to-night can be well compared to the pottery of five hundred years ago.

All through our grammar grades, the clay of our future selves was being molded. In our High School we have stood further tests, like unto the "firing" of the olden days, until we are here presented to-night as vessels fit for service, for we have undergone the "firing of life." Those who have not been judged fit for service have been left behind, even as the cracked urns were thrown aside.

Many of us, no doubt, like the cruder vessels of Indian pottery, are best fitted for the humbler walks of life and shall find our missions in the domestic and business world. Some, like the colored jars, will become prominent factors in the nation's actions. But, as the number of incense vases passing through the fire was small, so the number from our class who will sacrifice rank and prestige for the accomplishment of some deed for humanity's sake will be necessarily small.

We know that we are not all adapted to the same service. The home, the business world, the army and navy, the government, the farm and church have their representatives in our class, but the class of nineteen hundred and eighteen, with its diversified talents and ambitions, will certainly be mindful of its motto, "Deeds not Words." We make no boasts of our prowess, no promises for the future, for, "deeds speak louder than words."

And now, the time has come to say, "Farewell." We shall say, "good-bye" to you and to each other, and go forth, strengthened and fortified by the knowledge we have gained in Adrian High School, to do our share in the world's work. So, in behalf of the class of nineteen hundred and eighteen, I bid you, "Farewell."



SENIOR



SICKLE

THE JUNIORS





JUNIOR CLASS

Officers

<i>President</i>	Charles Moreland
<i>Vice President</i>	Felicia Kishpaugh
<i>Secretary</i>	Forest Laudenslager
<i>Treasurer</i>	Harold Jackman

Members

Abbott, Doris	George, Floyd	Morse, Marguerite
Alleger, Mildred	Gibbs, Floyd	Morse, Ruth
Alverson, Dorcas	Gibson, Wynn	Moxson, John
Alverson, Doris	Gobba, Carman	Myers, Bruce
Ayers, Thelma	Gould, Lawrence	Nachtrieb, Mary
Bachrach, Siphra	Graham, Kenneth	Nash, Marian
Baldwin, Opal	Gruel, Victor	Naylor, Lillian
Ballenberger, Lucile	Hall, Helen	Nicolai, Minetta
Barber, Alice	Hammel, Melva	Osgood, Lawrence
Beebe, Fern	Henig, Helen	Ougheltree, Leslie
Bird, Clair	Hensey, Ray	Patterson, Lola
Bird, Major	Hillard, Venus	Peavey, Oscar
Boosinger, Izola	Hines, Ralph	Rankin, Helen
Bradish, Elsie	Hood, Ruth	Raymond, Russel
Brainerd, Celia	Hunt, Ashland	Richardson, Merle
Brewer, Alta	Jackman, Harold	Robertson, Herbert
Brunt, Lucile	Judson, Helen	Robins, Fernando
Chase, Edith	Kaiser, Aelred	Sell, Leah
Church, Elizabeth	Kerr, Zura	Smith, Carmon
Cook, Nellie	King, Helen	Snedeker, Frances
Daniels, Oscar	King, Marion	Snedeker, Warren
Davis, Rubey	Kishpaugh, Felicia	Stange, Mildred
Deline, Porter	Kuney, Kenneth	Steinmetz, LeRoy
Ditmer, Talmage	Kuney, Lavon	Tubbs, Mabel
Driggs, Howard	Laudenslager, Forest	VanSickle, Gladys
Droegemueller, Agnes	Lewis, Werner	Voorhees, Florence
Ehinger, Eunice	Lincoln, Gladys	Walker, Leslie
Engel, Noreena	Loomis, Enid	Whitmarsh, William
Fairchild, Omega	McDowell, Catherine	Williams, Walter
Fint, Lucy	Merrill, George	Wiley, Lawrence
Furman, Vanyce	Moreland, Charles	Wood, Shirley



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

George L. Merrill

JUNIORS, we are of the Senior High School. Hard were the battles we fought to achieve this very remarkable, time honored and long distinguished name. "We came, we saw" and, like Caesar, "we conquered." But now as we look over the achievements of our class, we are struck with amazement and wonder at their number and variety.

After eight years of hard and diligent study we decided that we, the Juniors, still needed a great amount of learning and education before stepping out into this busy, every day world. Therefore we looked with expectant faces toward the goal of our ambitions, Adrian High School.

Our hopes along this line soon vanished however, because the School Board decreed that for another year we must adorn the rooms of the Central Building. This, let me inform you, gentle reader, was not to our tastes. But, as the old proverb says, "What can't be cured must be endured," so we made the best of our misfortune and contented ourselves with the name of Seniors of the Junior High.

When the spring of 1916 did at last arrive and we had completed our work in the Junior High, we looked once more with expectant faces toward the Senior High. This time we were not disappointed and consequently one bright September Morning in 1916 we sallied forth from our respective homes to take our places under the ever watchful eye of Miss Patch.

We needed a leader to guide us through this perilous stage of our history, and for this noble office we chose our honored comrade and classmate, Lawrence Osgood. Under his splendid guidance and protection we prospered and broadened out not only physically but mentally too. During this year a class athletic association was formed. This was a new idea, but it worked very successfully, and 1919's were awarded to our class football men. Thus the Freshman year of our High School career came to an end. (This was a very thankful coincidence as the life of a "freshie" is by no means easy.)

September of 1917 brought to us a new scope of thought and a new field of ideas. We were at last Juniors.

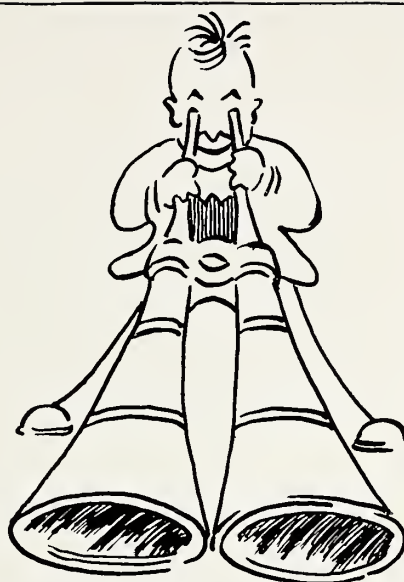
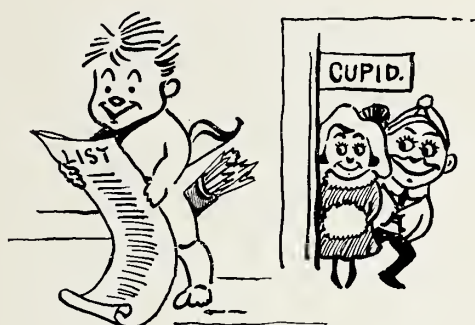
In accordance with the custom we elected a new leader for our class, and to do this great work we chose Charles Moreland. The plan was introduced this year of having a faculty advisor for each class. We chose Miss Willsey to advise us on all weighty matters beyond our comprehension.

Our accomplishments have been many during this remarkable year. We put on a Senior Send-Off in honor of the departing class of 1918. This fete surpassed by far anything of its kind ever introduced in Adrian High School.

Lastly as the school year came to a close we were granted possession of the Senior Gavel, an emblem of superiority and leadership.

With such a grand example set before us by previous classes, we hope to reach a standard of perfection never before attained and which will never be surpassed.

JUNIORS.



FRESHMEN.



SENIORS.

M. Bamburn

SENIOR



SICKLE

-MC



THE FRESHMEN



FRESHMAN CLASS

Officers

<i>President</i>	Karl Angell
<i>Vice President</i>	Gwendolyn Morden
<i>Secretary</i>	Myron Lewis
<i>Treasurer</i>	Linford Miller
<i>Marshal</i>	Thomas Carter
<i>Member of Literary Committee</i>	Mildred Prang
<i>Member of Finance Committee</i>	Prosser Watts

Members

Alcock, Harley	Foote, Evelyn	Prange, Mildred
Allshause, Delta	Frank, Meyer	Reynolds, Geraldine
Anderson, Florence	Furbush, Jesse	Rice, Harold
Angell, Karl	Gobba, Clifford	Ridge, Fred
Annis, Thaddeus	Hamilton, Lynn	Rinehart, Goldie
Armstrong, Milton	Hauck, Leslie	Robins, Catherine
Bailey, Alice	Hines, Blanche	Rogers, Lucile
Baker, Ruth	Hoag, Nina	Schaller, Dorothy
Barager, Linford	Hood, Clifford	Schneerer, Fern
Bassett, Arthur	Hopkins, Emma	Schneider, Irene
Bassett, Leland	Hostetler, Donald	Scranton, Ernestine
Betz, Winifred	Howard, Theo.	Seeburger, Edward
Bird, Gertrude	Hutchison, Ina	Shannon, Kenneth
Bohlke, Clara	Illenden, Mary	Sheldon, Caroline
Boyd, Blanche	Ives, Leora	Sherman, Harold
Bradish, Lutrelle	Jacob, Elwood	Shields, Helen
Brock, Thelma	Johnston, Alice	Shorten, Dorothy
Brock, Zelma	Jones, Wilma	Sinclair, Ira
Brower, Leland	Judson, Clara	Smith, Alice
Brown, Ruby	Kerr, Morita	Smith, Forrest
Bunker, Ruth	Krout, Elmer	Smith, Marjorie
Case, Guy	Latham, Lenn	Spielman, Edwin
Chaloner, William	Leacox, Arlie	Stark, Alice
Chase, Ruth	Lewis, Myron	Stearns, Josephine
Clark, Luella	Lighthall, George	Stein, Lillian
Clark, Marian	Lord, George	Strong, Cecile
Colvin, Geraldine	McElroy, Irene	Sutton, Ernestine
Comfort, LeRoy	Mertzke, Ella	Swanson, Eleanor
Crane, Ina	Mesler, Veda	Terry, Gladys
Culver, Leland	Middleton, Reo	Tobias, Harriet
Cunningham, Elva	Miller, Linford	Valentine, Leon
Currin, Mildred	Moore, LaVerne	VanOrden, James
Darling, Miriam	Morden, Gwendolyn	VanScotter, William
Davis, Bessie	Moreland, Helen	Vogel, Blanche
Dawson, Gladys	Moshonts, Leon	Walworth, Kenneth
Dawson, Vevia	Mudget, Fred	Walworth, Paul
Deibele, Elton	Near, Lilah	Watts, Prosser
Dersham, LaVerne	Palmer, Dorothy	Whitaker, Norris
Dinius, Roy	Peterson, Alma	Whitmarsh, Doris
Dibble, Donald	Peterson, Ellan	Wilson, James
Dowling, Lena	Pickford, Vera	Wing, Miller
Earles, Hudson	Porter, Louise	Woodcox, Vernon
Eggleston, Halsey	Power, Reuben	Wooster, Florence



FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

Winifred Betz

ONCE upon a time (as all stories begin) there were three bears, a great big bear, known as "Senior", a middle sized bear, known as "Junior", and a little baby bear, known as "Freshman".

Now there was something peculiar about this bear called "Freshman" because he lived just as you and I do. This bear lived in a small city and went to school, first, through the lower grades, and then through three other grades, known as Junior High and then thinking that he would like a still higher education, went to Senior High, which he thought must have been named after the great big bear, whom they called "Senior."

When "Freshman" started off for Senior High upon that fair September morning, he never thought of what was going to happen to him, but he found out after he had been there a few months that life was "really real."

This bear had a magnanimous aim in life and he devoted much of his time to study, but thinking that all work and no play made him a dull boy, he decided to have some pleasure also. So, knowing that athletics afforded recreation, he entered this branch of school activity. Foot-ball didn't seem to be in his line but in basket-ball he starred.

As I have told you before, "Freshman" was very studious, and he knew a great deal both of the present and of the future. He knew that he was not green, merely translucent, and he knew without doubt, in the future he would read about some great men and women and then recognize them as his own class-mates. He also knew that having such a "full of pep and ginger" young man as Karl Angell for president of his class, that it must progress and it did progress, and here's hoping that in the next two years that it will keep right on progressing.

LITERARY





A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S ADVENTURE

Genevieve Koehn

THE trees, fences, and houses in the street stood clearly silhouetted in inky blackness against the brilliant flood of silver moonlight. Not a breath of wind fluttered the leaves of the trees or disturbed the sleeping flowers in the old southern gardens. The deep, oppressive silence, caused by almost unbearable August heat, had descended some hours before, and now reigned supreme over the silent homes and sleeping village. Life seemed for the moment suspended, so profound was the deathlike silence of the night, while the villagers slept off the inertia and exhaustion caused by the terrible heat of the day.

But, suddenly, far off down the street came the faint tap, tap of an approaching pair of feet, scarcely noticeable at first, but steadily approaching and becoming more audible at each moment until, finally, a youth appeared upon the street. Advancing from a black shadow cast across the walk by the foliage of the trees, into a momentary flood of light, he appeared to be about the age of seventeen summers. He wore no cap, his hair was mussed and disorderly, his tie disarranged, his hands thrust far into the depths of his pockets. Upon his face was a look of unutterable discontent and dejection, accentuated by his ruffled hair. In short his whole appearance was one of melancholia, weariness and disgust. Whatever the cause of his unhappiness, be it an unsatisfactory love affair, pecuniary difficulties, or mere youthful depression, it had evidently been sufficiently disturbing to cause him to wander restlessly forth on that sultry night in search of surcease for his over burdened soul. At last the culmination of his bitter thoughts seemed more than he could bear in silence and they burst out in the following savagely spoken words.

"I wish something would happen in this town. It's as quiet as a tomb. Yes a fellow might as well live in a graveyard."

The muttered words scarce broke the deathlike silence of the street. The houses remained as dark and silent, their occupants as mute, the heat as oppressive as before. Whatever of romantic dreams, and longings of adventure, the youth possessed, seemed stifled under the oppressiveness of his surroundings.

But for a moment the peaceful scene with its lone occupant, and then, as if in answer to his urgent wish for excitement, a window of one of the dwelling houses, set apart from the surrounding homes by a large lawn, was flung open with a bang, and simultaneously two white clad figures leaned frantically halfway out. Almost instantaneously with this, two pairs of healthy lungs effectively broke the midnight silence with shrill



cries of "Help! Burglars! Police! There are burglars in the house, help!"

The youth upon the sidewalk straightened as if struck, his lethargy vanished, a glow of half pleasure and infinite satisfaction swept over his face. Swiftly he ran across the lawn in the moonlight, until he stood beneath the window from which the piercing screams issued at more or less regular intervals, although in more or less discord.

"What's that?" he cried his face up lifted toward them.

"Burglars!" they shrieked, "we can hear them thumping around now. From the noise there must be a whole gang of them, and there's no telling what they'll do. Hurry and get help!"

The youth below drew in a deep breath. A whole gang of them. Upon his countenance dawned the spirit of the battle and the glow of conquest. He drew another deep contented sigh, reflected a second, then laughed and muttered.

"Gee, I'm glad I arrived," and then yelled toward the upper story,

"Oh, say up there! You just keep quiet and don't wake all the neighbors, there's no use in that you know, and I'll get those burglars single handed. If I go for help they may escape. How can I get in?"

"I guess you'll have to break in the back door," one said nervously, "I'm sure all the doors are locked and we've bolted ourselves in here too and are afraid to come out. You'd better get help, anyway. They must be all desperados from the sound!" This last was a frantic scream again, and the two white robed figures leaned convulsively against the window frame.

But the youth, fired with the love of combat, eager for the excitement of the unknown, was nothing daunted. He glanced down at his stalwart frame, vigorous and sinewy. He was an athlete and though out of trim during the lazy summer months, still possessed more than the ordinary strength of his age; an athlete for whom bolted back doors were but feeble obstacles, and for whom the thought of meeting a band of desperados caused but little terror. As he started for the back of the house, skirting along in the shadows to avoid any possible detection from the house, he thought exultingly of the story he would tell the fellows the next day, picturing himself as the hero of the hour. On! Yes, the whole village would hear of this night's exploit. At last, *at last*, there was really "something doing." But he ceased his gratifying thoughts abruptly and returned to earth as he reached the back porch surrounded by a lattice work. Gazing thru this he perceived that the kitchen door stood wideopen, but to his surprise the lattice door was locked when he tried it. Evidently the house breakers had not entered this way. They must be porch climbers. One, twice, thrice he hurled his full weight against the frail door, taking precautions to make as little noise as possible. The third time the door gave and he stepped cautiously upon the porch, thru the open door and into the



kitchen. He stood breathlessly waiting in the darkness for a moment, every muscle strained and with senses alert for the slightest noise. There was absolute silence.

Then with a suddenness that made him jump, came a faint thud, thud and a series of bumps, evidently in the upper story of the house. Cautiously, silently, he gilded forward thru the house, found the steps and ascended, every fiber in his body ready for an unexpected attack from any quarter. Oh! the darting shadows cast by unfamiliar objects that momentarily caught away the breath of our hero! The anxiety, the sudden shocks, the bated breath, with all the thrilling ecstasy of that journey to the second floor are better imagined than described. Perhaps he would have turned back once or twice when his heart seemed to jump into his throat at some blundering noise he made, but the thoughts of the tale he would have to tell the next day and the awe he would inspire in the villagers and "fellows," held him to his task, and made him hesitate to show the white feather. Who knows? Suffice it to say he proceeded and after reaching the second floor the same dull thuds met his ear again. Then he realized that the marauders were in the attic. The situation was growing more intense. What could be their purpose in such a place? He decided not to liberate the ladies as yet. They would only be a detriment to him, and would, no doubt, bungle everything up by screaming or fainting at a critical moment. Besides, this was a man's job. Yes, the supreme glory would be his when he returned with the enemy vanquished and released them from their fear.

As he crept carefully down the hallway, feeling his way along in the darkness, as he drew nearer and nearer to the now more audible thuds, his heart beat so strongly that it seemed to resound and echo thru the silent house. Now he had reached the door which evidently led to the attic. What could those noises be? But he would soon know. With every muscle set for the conflict, every fibre, every inch of his body strained and ready for the unexpected, he flung wide the door. The supreme moment had come. But the unexpected indeed happened, for, illuminated by the pale rays of moonlight that filtered thru the dusty attic window and across the floor, partially lighting up the steps at the foot of which the youth stood, a potato rolled slowly down the steps and at his feet. With a sharp "thump, thump," another and another followed down the stairs and at the head of the flight fully disclosed by the same rays of light, reposed a large potato sack, now but half filled, its side gapping with a rent, the work of the tiny teeth, belonging to the bright eyes which peeped wonderingly at the motionless object at the foot of the steps who was disturbing their bowling match.

But the youth at the bottom of the flight, limp with the suddenness of the revelation, only wished devoutly that the villagers might never hear of this mid-summer night's romantic adventure.



WHEN PATTY WENT TO CAMP

Marian Barber

PATTY was still in her teens. She was five feet tall with light brown curls and sunny blue eyes. The other five girls with whom she had come on this camping expedition were of a variety of complexions and dispositions. But Patty was different. The other girls had money. Patty had none. She had gained her present position in the so-called "younger set" of to-day, by her wit and good humor as well as her ready sympathy and understanding. She had come to be the very life of the little company that was now comfortably settled for a mid-summer month's stay on a small island in a river of northern Maine.

The first day had been spent in settling the few necessary articles that had been brought on ahead by the man hired to purchase the supplies and see that the baggage arrived safely at its destination.

It was so good to be out there away from the hustle and bustle of the city and to live under the tall and stately trees whose grand erectness seemed to instill into one's very soul the thought that here was the most wonderful handi-work of God. Patty was a lover of nature and her delight at being there in that beautiful spot with trees,—trees everywhere and the majestic sweep of the river around their narrow island, made her eyes sparkle and her heart leap with the joy of living.

After the girls and their chaperon had been on the island two days, Patty became very anxious to explore the surrounding woodlands on either side of the opposite shores of the river. The next day, just after a good breakfast of fresh trout, she and Marjorie, the girl with the jet black hair and the roman nose, took one of the two boats that were allowed the girls and crossed the river.

There was no sign of habitation except an old weather beaten hut in the midst of a clump of bushes. There seemed to be nothing unusual about its appearance and as Marjorie was afraid there might be snakes in the bushes, Patty decided that they would not investigate its contents. They wandered on but found nothing but trees and shrubbery and so decided to return to camp. On their way back, as they neared the place where they had left their boat, they heard a dull noise like something steadily grinding. They stopped to listen and they could hear voices coming from the direction of the hut. They heard a man's voice give a sharp command.

"Stand back there! You're in the light."

The girls were frightened because they knew that no one could be



living there and that this could be no ordinary circumstance. Patty was not a coward and she was inclined to investigate into the matter of noises in an empty hut. She motioned for Marjorie to follow and crept carefully up to the little window in the back of the shanty. The girls had not yet had a view of the front of the hut, as the back part was towards the river and they had kept well along the bank. The bushes were thick up against the shack and it was an easy matter for the girls to see without being seen. What they saw there they at first could not comprehend. There were three men working at a big iron machine and around the walls were piles of queer looking objects which held something that glittered on the top like silver. There was a great iron safe in one corner and in another stood three rifles.

The girls crept back into the bushes not comprehending the significance of the scene which they had just witnessed. Suddenly it dawned on Patty that these men were making bogus money. She told Marjorie in a whisper and that lady, who was already white with fear, fainted and fell with a thud into the clump of bushes in front of her. Patty was frantic. If these men heard the noise they would be sure to come and capture both girls and perhaps kill them for having discovered their secret. She could not flee and leave Marjorie here in this terrible place alone, so the only thing to do was to hide herself and Madge until the latter recovered sufficiently to get back to the boat. She dragged Madge further into the bushes and sat down upon the wet ground with Marjorie's head in her lap. The sounds from the hut seemed to grow louder and once she heard a coarse laugh from one of the men inside.

Then Marjorie stirred and sat up. She was quick to grasp the situation and rose to go. Patty told her that they must hurry and get the authorities there before the men left the hut. The girls crept quietly along between the bushes till they came to the place where they had left their boat. Marjorie started with a low cry as she saw what had happened. The boat had not been properly moored and was now floating quietly down the river. Patty slipped out of her light jacket, quietly pulled off her heavy shoes and told Madge to go back near the hut and if the men left to follow and find out where they went. Then she jumped into the river and swam with long even strokes back to camp.

The other four girls were fishing on the opposite side of the island, so the chaperon told her, and this left Patty free from explanations and a waste of time. She quickly got into dry clothes and jumping into the one remaining boat, rowed swiftly for about a mile and a half down the river to the nearest town. There she found the one sheriff the town afforded



and told him what they had discovered. He was a man who took everything seriously and in a business-like manner. This was to their advantage because it saved any delay in getting started. He immediately summoned six other strong husky looking fellows and after a brief explanation, four of them got into the sheriff's boat and two into Patty's. They laid their rifles in the bottom and the boats shot back up the stream.

They were soon at the spot where they could see the top of the hut above the bushes and Patty directed them as to the best place to land. Each man filed out of the boat with grim determination in every feature. Not a word was spoken.

They went around to the front of the hut and there encountered a man with an object under his arm that looked something like a black box with legs on it. He was just leaving the hut. Behind him Patty recognized the three men who had been at work inside. The sheriff's men made quick use of their rifles and the prisoners, hands in air, were searched for weapons, but none were found. The man that had been carrying the queer looking object started to speak but the sheriff poked him with his gun and told him to shut up, that he didn't have time to listen to a lot of yarns about innocence.

Marjorie had been keeping watch and now she came forward with the information that a woman had been there and had acted very queerly, as if she too had been spying, but Madge had kept out of her way and after many queer manouvers, the woman had gone away.

The girls and two of the sheriff's men got into one of the boats and rowed again toward the town. The prisoners were forced to walk, following the river bank, because there were not boats enough for all. The girls and their companions reached the town first and they went quickly to the county judge, who lived at the farther end of the village and Patty told him the whole story.

By this time the others arrived and the judge stepped forward to question the prisoners. As he did so he looked at the one that seemed to be the leader; the one that had had the queer looking box under his arm. To Patty's amazement he stepped up, pulled one of the man's arms down out of the air and shook hands heartily.

"Well Jack," said the judge, "how in the name of Jupiter did you come to get into this mix-up?"

The young man whom the judge called Jack was tall with black curly hair and brown eyes. He seemed to have been noticing Patty considerably since they came up to the group and now he threw back his head and laughed long and heartily, much to Patty's embarrassment. Then



he told the judge how he and his stars had been producing a scene for a moving picture play and how Patty had brought this fierce looking regiment upon them and taken them prisoners.

They all turned to Patty and the expression on her face was one to be remembered. The director, for so the man by the name of Jack proved to be, was greatly impressed by that young lady's personality and the next day he rowed up to the girl's camp and offered her a contract at an enormous salary, to become a moving picture actress. She accepted it but with some embarrassment when she saw the twinkle in the director's eye as he told her that there was absolutely nothing "bogus" about the offer.

In her first appearance, Jack forgot to turn the crank of his machine and the whole scene had to be acted over again, and yet Jack was not naturally a forgetful man.





A PRACTICAL JOKE

Ruth Mattern

LEE and Harry Page were twins as every one in the village of Austin knew. If you had inquired further, you would have been assured that they were as much alike as the proverbial "two peas." Each was about five feet, ten inches in height, rather heavy set, with bright red hair, and faces pleasingly marked with freckles. Indeed the village oracle, who frequented the corner store, was accustomed to remark that each had the same number of these decorations. The boys carried out their likeness in their dress, but here the similarity ended, for Lee went in for Athletics—played foot ball and basket ball and was a famous track athlete. Harry went out for debate; he had won the oratorical preliminary and was on the staff of editors of the high school paper. Although their tastes were so entirely different, the brothers were much better companions than most brothers.

When the story opens, the boys were earnestly engaged in various midwinter activities, Lee dividing his time between basket ball and the Freshman girls, while Harry was grinding away on debate, oratory, and spending much time on his books.

One day, it chanced to be the 31st of March, Lee Page, or "Glue" as he was lovingly called by his friends, was meditatively pacing the hall. The next day was the first of April and he was cudgeling his brain for some good first of April joke. That was the time, also, when the brothers were to be presented with the trophies their endeavors had won. Harry was to receive the Sias medal for excellence in forensic ability, or, as Lee laughingly said, a hot air trophy. The cup, won in the 440 yard run at Meade, where the State University was located, was to be presented to Lee. Suddenly Lee paused a moment, then turned and like a streak, raced up the stairs leading to the library where he knew he would find Harry.

"Harry, thou son of Shem, come hither," he exclaimed, bursting into the room, and soon the two were plotting merrily together. The next day the members of the school were surprised to see Harry and Lee enter the assembly together, each wearing blue glasses. Lee strolled calmly to his brother's seat, while the usually sedate Harry romped back to Lee's and calmly took possession. The blue glasses successfully concealed the identity of the twins and when the principal's voice boomed out "Lee Page," Harry walked briskly to the platform to receive the loving cup. Then Lee, in his turn, sauntered leisurely to the platform. After a few commendatory words, Mr. Dorwell presented the medal, then said, "By request of the



student body, Mr. Harry Page will deliver his oration on 'War' which won the Sias medal."

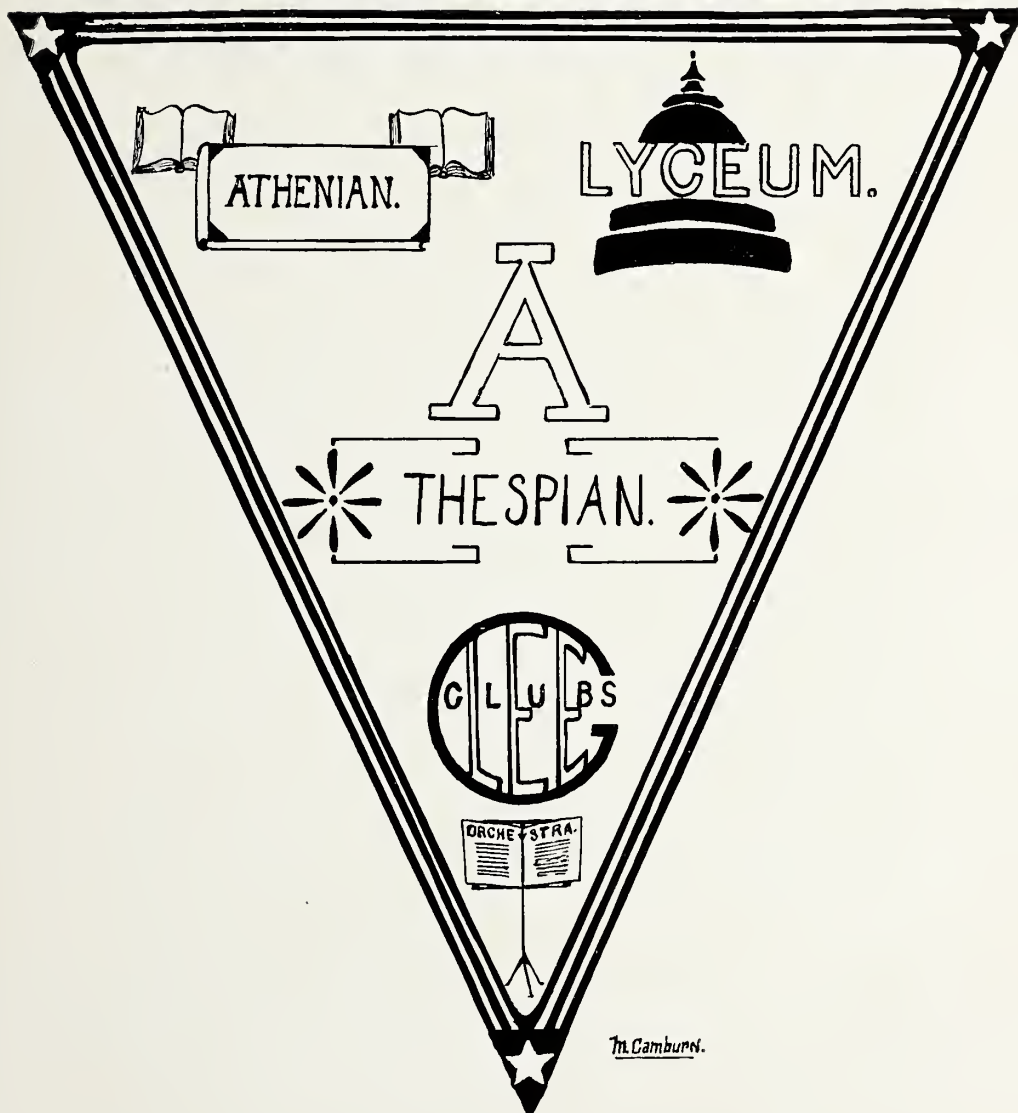
For a moment the earth seemed slipping from beneath Lee's feet. Then summoning all his nerve and thanking his lucky stars that he had learned the entire oration from hearing Harry practice it, and had secretly gone thru it more than once just to prove to himself that he could do it as well as anyone, Lee plunged into the first line of the masterpiece. Peering thru the blue glasses, he could see Harry with a broad smile on his face and suddenly there came to him a determination to show this laughing brother of his. Calm, self-possessed, thrilled with a sense of power, Lee delivered the great oration as it never had been delivered before in the assembly hall, and as his brother never had and never could deliver it. The students sat spell-bound as he came to the closing lines, "The earth is now bleeding from the cruel wounds of a bitter World's War, yet we see the dawn of a newer, better day when peace shall rule the earth," the auditorium shook with applause.

As Lee reached his seat, Harry arose, and taking off his blue glasses, raised his hand for silence as he heard the gasps of amazement from Freshmen and Upper Classmen alike. When quiet had been restored, he spoke in a clear, ringing voice, "My brother has delivered my oration so much better than I could have done it, that I think it is only just to him to let you know that it was he, and at the same time we both wish to say, "April Fool."

Then, indeed, cheers rose from that great student body and it was many moments before quiet was again restored.



ORGANIZATIONS

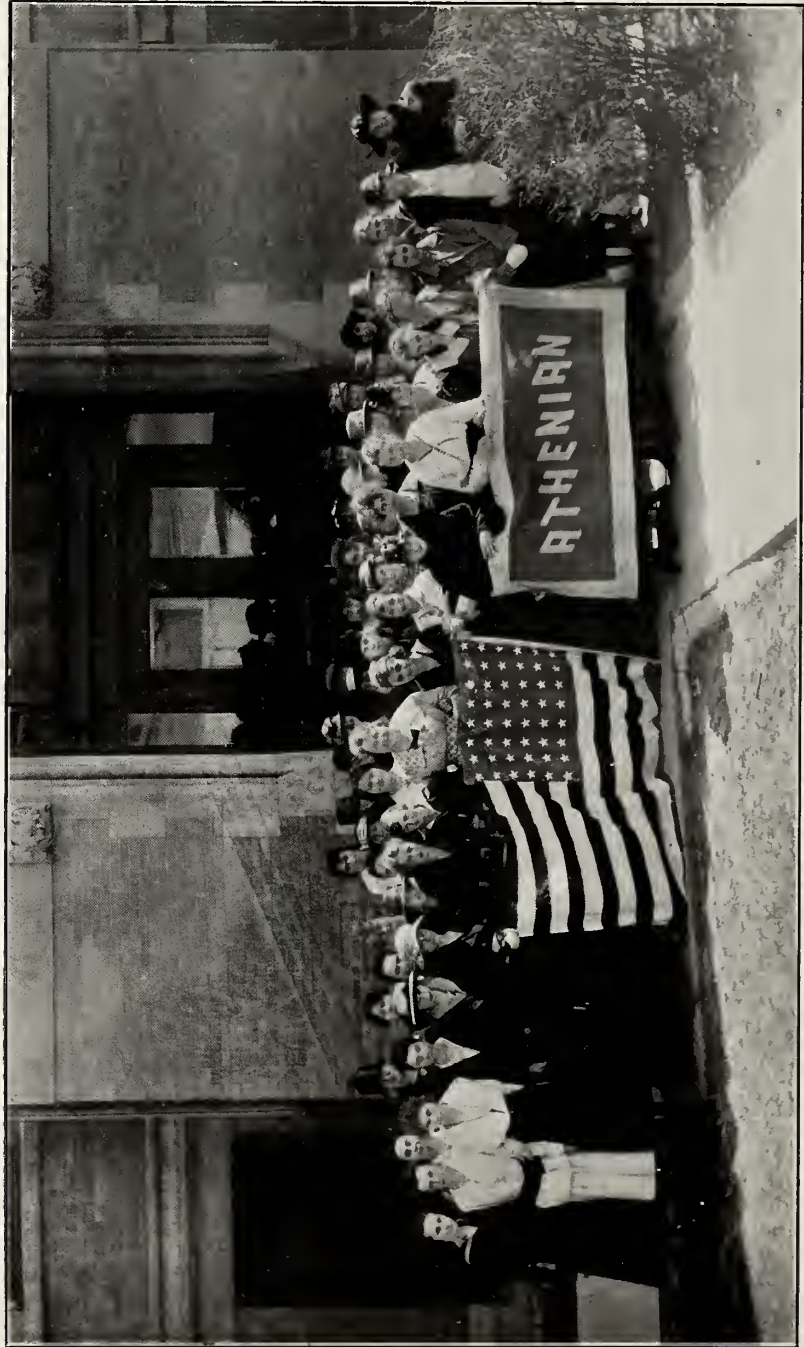


SENIOR



SICKLE

-M.C.



ATHENIAN



ATHENIAN



THERA DICKERSON



GENEVIEVE KOEHN

First Semester Officers

<i>President</i>	Thera Dickerson
<i>Vice President</i>	Geraldine Miller
<i>Secretary</i>	Genevieve Koehn
<i>Treasurer</i>	Felicia Kishpaugh
<i>Marshal</i>	Gladys VanSickle

Second Semester Officers

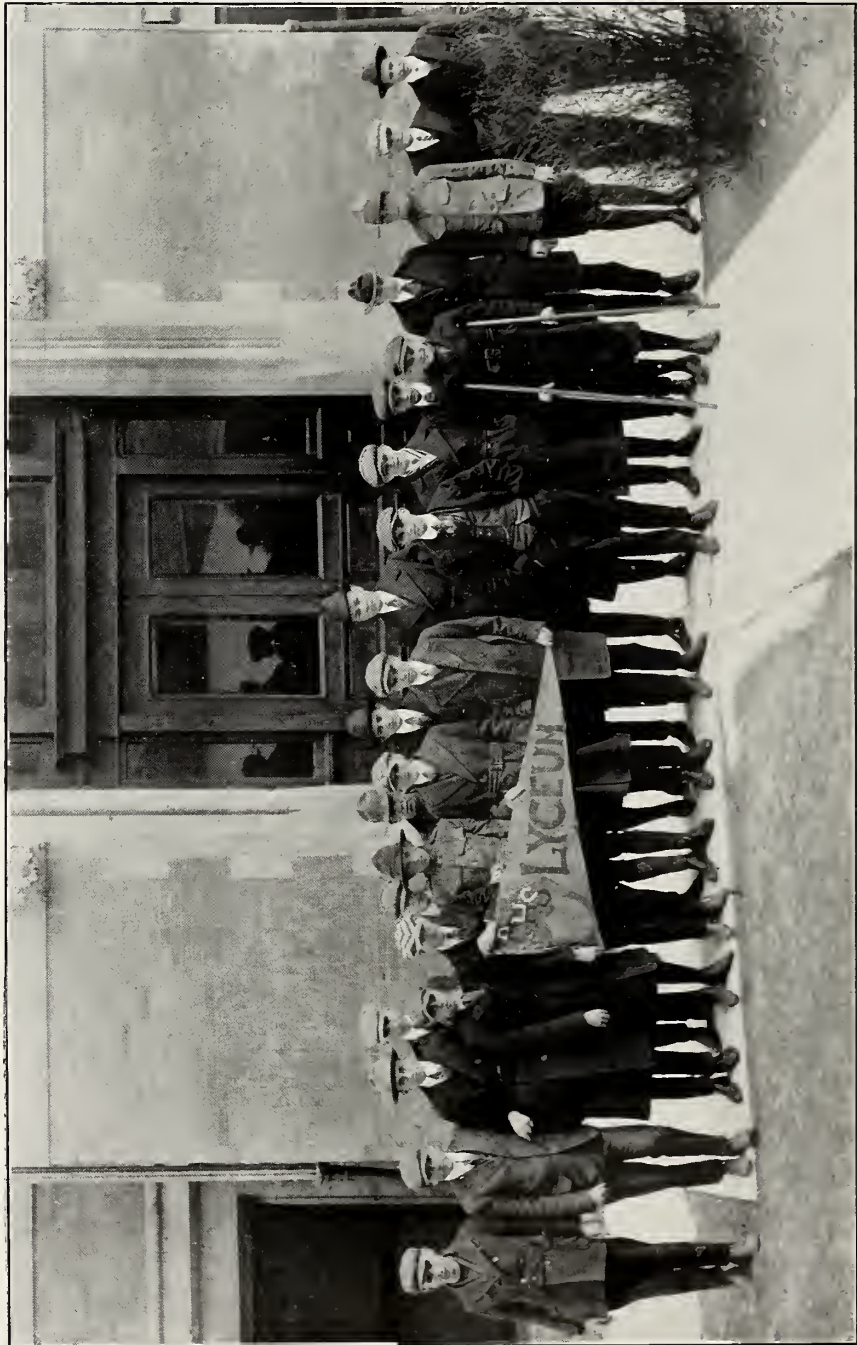
<i>President</i>	Genevieve Koehn
<i>Vice President</i>	Frances Lantz
<i>Secretary</i>	Celia Brainard
<i>Treasurer</i>	Elizabeth Church
<i>Marshal</i>	Caroline Sheldon

THE year of 1918 will be remembered by the members of the Athenian Society as a happy and prosperous one. The membership not only reached a figure higher than ever before attained, but the resources of the society, decidedly enriched by the ability of many of its new members, were on a par with its numbers. It has become a more vital factor in the routine of school life than ever before. The society has also successfully undertaken and participated in several new branches of school activities. It has been largely due to the careful guidance of Miss Armstrong that the Athenian has been able to so successfully complete this school year, and it is to her aid and interest that the society owes its appreciation.

SENIOR



SICKLE



LYCEUM



LYCEUM



PORTER DEAN



RAYMOND KOEHN

First Semester Officers

<i>President</i>	Porter Dean
<i>Secretary</i>	Lawrence Osgood
<i>Treasurer</i>	George Beiswanger
<i>Marshal</i>	Warren Snedeker

Standing Committees

Program	Membership
Herbert Howell	Carl Hilts

Second Semester Officers

<i>President</i>	Raymond Koehn
<i>Vice President</i>	Chandler Bond
<i>Secretary</i>	Floyd Henig
<i>Treasurer</i>	Everett Ridge
<i>Marshal</i>	Lawrence Gould

Standing Committees

Program	Membership
Herbert Howell	Porter Dean

Although the membership is not as large as it has been some years, the society has made up in quality and ability what it has lacked in numbers. It has put on a very successful minstrel show and given the annual Lyceum Banquet. This year has far surpassed anything of its kind in the past.



THESPIAN

First Semester Officers

<i>President</i>	Elmer Schoen
<i>Vice President</i>	Marian Barber
<i>Secretary</i>	Frances Lantz
<i>Treasurer</i>	Doris Abbott

Second Semester Officers

<i>President</i>	Herbert Howell
<i>Vice President</i>	Marian Barber
<i>Secretary</i>	Esther Nicolai
<i>Treasurer</i>	Marshall Bovee

The ghost of the former Dramatic Club after lying dead for a year, was again brought to life this year under the name of The Thespian Society. The club has re-awakened the interest in the study of the Drama and under the able directorship of Miss Willsey, some very interesting plays have been put on before the Society, some of which have been presented to the school in assembly.



THE FORUM

Officers

Imperatrix	Glendora McComb
Legata Pro Imperatrice	Felicia Kishpaugh
Scriptor	Genevieve Koehn
Quaestor	Major Bird

Comitium de dissertationibus

Porter Dean—Frances Lantz—Salome Milich

The Forum is another one of the reorganized societies. It is held once a month, on Friday during the third hour.

The Society was reorganized by the Cicero class only, and it was a great misfortune that the rest of the Latin students could not become members because of conflicts with other classes. The purpose of the society is to study Roman Life and Literature and many interesting facts have been brought to light.



THE HI-Y CLUB



CARL HILTS

Officers for 1917-1918

<i>President</i>	Carl Hilts
<i>Vice President</i>	Harold Darling
<i>Secretary</i>	Herbert Howell
<i>Treasurer</i>	Marshall Bovee

The Hi-Y Club, although not very well known among High School students as it is the only club connected with the High School that meets in the evening and at the Y. M. C. A., is a very important and interesting organization. A membership in this club gives the fellows a chance to hear experts of Industrial, Commercial, Financial and Professional activity, tell how they succeeded in their avocation.

In this way the club members receive a very helpful and valuable training that will be of great assistance to them.



PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

Officers for 1918

<i>President</i>	Raymond Koehn
<i>Vice President</i>	Charles Moreland
<i>Secretary</i>	Celia Brainerd
<i>Treasurer</i>	Lawrence Osgood
<i>Finance Committee</i>	Helen Rankin, Chandler Bond, Lynford Miller

AMONG the many changes wrought in the activities of Adrian High by the war, the High School Patriotic League, without doubt, ranks as the most important. It is, on a small scale, a growth of the Lenawee County Patriotic League, which institution has brought fame to our county, throughout the state.

The Constitution reads, "it shall be the purpose of this League to render every service possible to the Patriotic League and Red Cross of Lenawee County and to instigate a spirit of patriotism in Adrian High School." In addition to these duties, the League has undertaken the financing of the Junior Red Cross in the High School, buying outright three hundred and fifty memberships for the students of the school.

The League has a magazine secretary, who forwards books and magazines to the soldiers and sailors. The League endorsed and pushed the Boys' Working Reserve, and has figured prominently in all patriotic affairs of the school. The League was not organized until the second semester, but since that time it has made remarkable headway, and will continue to do so until the close of the war.

The pledges, given by the students together with other contributions total about one hundred dollars per month.

A speaker, on the Lyceum course, addressing the students of the High School, said that in all the high schools he had visited, not once had he seen anything corresponding to the Adrian High School Patriotic League.

Honorable mention is due the finance committee for their untiring efforts in collecting the pledges each month.

With a good foundation to stand upon, next year will see a League that will do honor to our school and with its constantly increasing strength, keep the students upon one track; and that of helping to win the war.



JUNIOR RED CROSS SOCIETY

IN accordance with a measure which is being adopted by schools all over the United States, the Senior High in February, organized a Junior Red Cross association, which works in co-operation with the Senior High School Patriotic League. At that time the officers elected were as follows:

<i>Chairman</i>	Oscar Peavey
<i>Secretary</i>	Frances Lantz
<i>Treasurer</i>	George Merrill

An amount of twenty-five cents for each member was taken from the treasury of the Patriotic League, and sent to the National Red Cross Headquarters at Washington. Money has been appropriated from the Patriotic League to purchase yarn for the knitting department which is composed of girls and teachers who can knit, and so pledged themselves to spend one hour a week, either Monday or Tuesday afternoon from four to five, in one of the High School rooms. Other girls who wish to assist the Red Cross, but who do not know how to knit spend their one hour a week in the Domestic Art room sewing.

Much enthusiasm has been shown by the student body toward this organization, and every one is confident that the work of the Junior Red Cross will continue as long as there is a need for it.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



PIERSON HOFFMAN

First Semester Officers

<i>President</i>	Pierson Hoffman
<i>Vice President</i>	Celia Brainard
<i>Secretary</i>	Chandler Bond
<i>Treasurer</i>	M. E. Mills
<i>Marshal</i>	Clair Bird

Second Semester Officers

<i>President</i>	Pierson Hoffman
<i>Vice President</i>	Celia Brainard
<i>Secretary</i>	Chandler Bond
<i>Treasurer</i>	M. E. Mills
<i>Marshal</i>	Elwood Jacobs

Athletic Board of Control

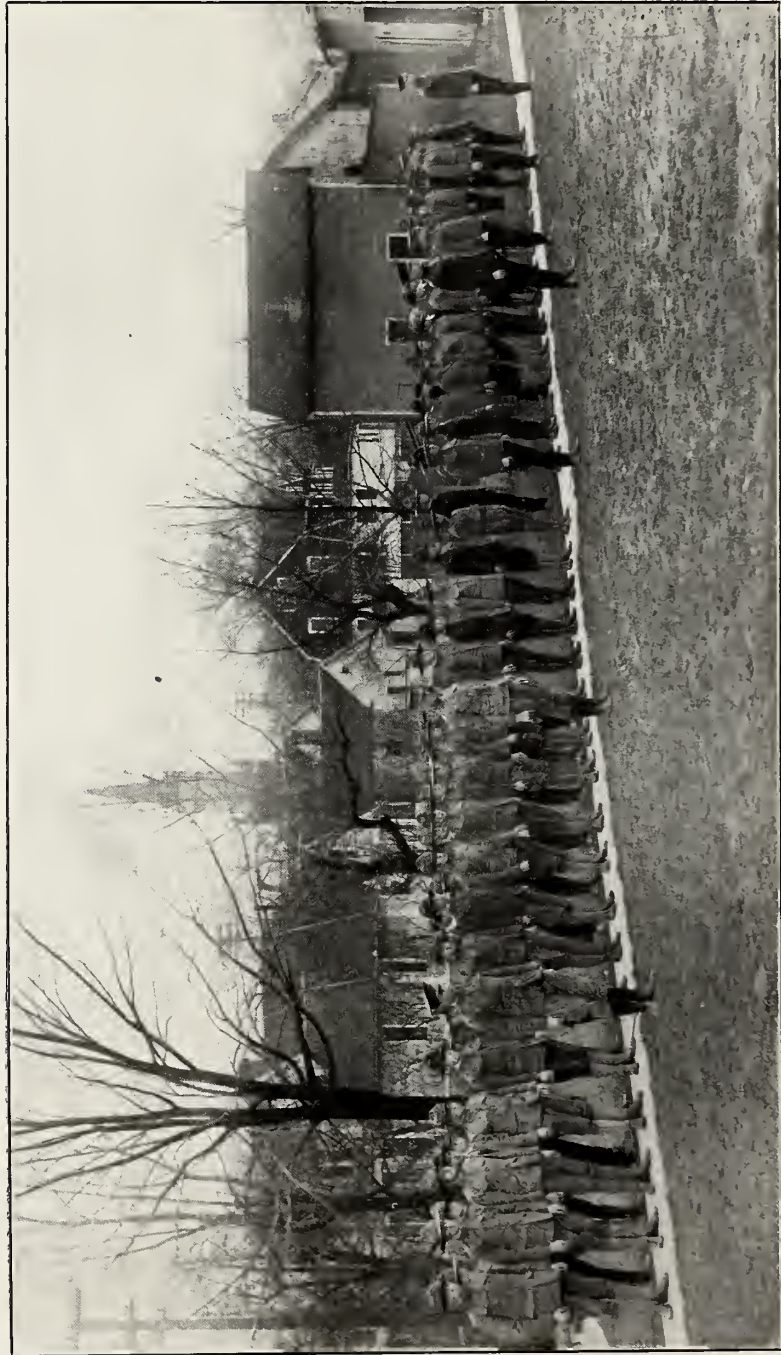
Milton E. Mills—Pierson Hoffman—Major Bird—Prosser Watts

There is no busier organization in the High School than this one upon which depends the success of the Athletic teams which have made old Adrian famous and the terror of the country. Under the energetic leadership of Pierson Hoffman the Association has kept up its high standards.

SENIOR



SICKLE



ADRIAN HIGH SCHOOL CADET BATTALION



ADRIAN HIGH SCHOOL CADET BATTALION

CHANDLER BOND, Major

COMPANY A

Captain Lawrence Osgood
1st Lieutenant Floyd George
2nd Lieutenant George Merrill

Men in the Ranks:

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Carl Angell | 17. Edwin Spielman |
| 2. Harley Alcock | 18. Kenneth Tolford |
| 3. Milton Armstrong | 19. James VanOrden |
| 4. Marshall Bovee | 20. William VanScotter |
| 5. Leland Culver | 21. Leslie Walker |
| 6. Jesse Furbush | 22. Paul Walworth |
| 7. Lawrence Gould | 23. William Whitmarsh |
| 8. Kenneth Kuney | 24. James Wilson |
| 9. Raymond Koehn | 25. Lawrence Wiley |
| 10. Lenn Latham | 26. Leon Valentine |
| 11. LaVern Moore | 27. William Matthes |
| 12. Leon Moshontz | 28. Kenneth Kayner |
| 13. Fred Mudget | 29. Leroy Pulver |
| 14. Merle Richardson | 30. Roy Dinius |
| 15. Elmer Schoen | 31. Myrlen Stocking |
| 16. Ira Sinclair | 32. Kenneth Hendricks |

COMPANY B

Captain Oscar Peavey
1st Lieutenant Pearson Hoffman
2nd Lieutenant Carl Hilts

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Firth Anderson | 20. Fred Ridge |
| 2. Linford Barager | 21. Edward Seeberger |
| 3. Robert Campbell | 22. Walter Williams |
| 4. Guy Case | 23. Harold Teachout |
| 5. Merritt Chase | 24. Harold Treat |
| 6. Owen Decker | 25. Kenneth Walworth |
| 7. Elton Deibele | 26. Thaddeus Annis |
| 8. Howard Driggs | *27. Edward Hoddinott |
| 9. LaVern Dershem | 28. Sumner Howell |
| 10. Omega Fairchild | 29. Gaillard Colvin |
| 11. Julian Frank | 30. Warren VanOrden |
| 12. Earl Hoffman | 31. Donald Hostetler |
| 13. LaVon Kuney | 32. Vernon Woodcox |
| 14. Werner Lewis | 33. Gordan Chaffee |
| 15. George Lord | 34. Robert Swanson |
| 16. Linford Miller | 35. Warren Snedecor |
| 17. Bruce Myers | 36. Leland Bassett |
| 18. Leslie Ougheltree | 37. Harold Jackman |
| 19. Harold Rice | 38. W. Sneider |

*Deceased.

ADRIAN HIGH'S GIFT TO UNCLE SAM



ADRIAN High School may well be proud of this page and she knows that every member of this record, will do no deed unworthy of her respect and admiration.

These names should not be passed by with a casual glance, but every one should read them carefully and seriously and with a feeling of reverence, for they have done what we have not, what we may never be called upon to do. They have left all that is near and dear to them, for the call of their country.

Some must, all may be called upon to pay the last great price and to make the supreme sacrifice that any man can make, to die for his country.

BOYS OF A. H. S. IN SERVICE—164

Adair, Marc	*Havens, Verne	Potts, Oscar
Annis, Paul	Hawley, Jack	Pierce, Leslie
Ayers, Merle	Hess, Clare	Powers, Earl
Ayers, Ralph	Henig, Clarence	Prentice, Kenneth
Bartley, Wilfred	Hines, Guy	Sheffield, Arthur
Beck, Norman	Hoag, Harry	Sheffield, George
Beiswanger, Fred	Hoagland, LaVelle	Shierson, George
Bevins, Lawrence	Hoch, Carl	Skinner, Morley
Blinn, Sidney	Hoch, Henry George	Smith, Clayton
Bowen, Henry	Hoffman, Pearson	Smith, Coe
Bowerfind, Edgar	Holmes, Lawrence	Smith, Forrest
Bowerfind, Fritz	Hood, Harvey	Smith, Vernon
Bowerfind, Herman	Hough, Rudolph	Smoll, Fred
Brown, Arthur	Hughes, Lawrence	Soiter, Yager
Briggs, Albert	Hurlbut, Douglas	Steinmetz, Walter
Buck, Marshall	Hurlbut, Maurice	Stewart, Guy
Burton, Rollin	Hunt, Harold	Spence, N. B.
Brazee, Harold	Jackson, Clifford	Stadler, Clarence
Calkins, Charles	Jacklin, Howard	Stafford, Dr. Leo
Calkins, Loyal	Jewell, Albert	Stevens, James
Campbell, Bruce	Jewell, Elwood	Stoddard, Alvin
Campbell, Harold	Jones, Howard	Stoll, Edwin
Cessna, Sam	Jones, Millard	Stoddard, Harry
Chase, Warren	Jones, Willard	Sudborough, Alfred
Claffin, Dr. Guy	Judge, Alton	Sudborough, Otis
Cochrane, Robert	Judge, Kenneth	Symonds, Merrill
Collins, Austin	Kaiser, Aelred	Taylor, Leslie
Conlin, Gerald	Kane, Frank	Teachout, Dewey
Connely, Emmett	Kelly, George	Teachout, Harold
Cornelius, Harold	Kerr, Harry	Trimm, Horace
Cummins, Tom	Knight, Harold	Tripp, Lynn
Darnton, Byron	LaFraugh, Russell	Tubbs, Ray
Darnton, Tom	Langdon, Lyle	Townsend, E. B.
Davis, Earl	Larwill, Richard	Underhill, Charles
Dershem, Frederic	Lehr, Roy	Walker, Charles
Dewey, LaVerne	Leonard, George	Walker, Harold
Dodge, Riley	Lewis, Raymond	Walker, Lawrence
Dole, Walter	Lochner, Dr. George	Ward, Harold
Dove, Bart	Luck, Robert	Watts, Richard
Duncan, Lawrence	McComb, Harry	Warner, Burrell
Dewey, Hal	McFarland, James	Wells, Raymond
Eldredge, Ormand	McKibbon, Berkeley	Wesley, Kenneth
English, John	Maurer, Elwood	Wesley, Leland
Fausey, Glen	Merillat, Lauren	Westfield, Raymond
Finch, Lloyd	Measures, Leon	Westerman, Kenneth
Flint, John	Meyerhuber, Fred	Westerman, Scott
Folker, Arnold	Mosher, Nolan	Whitney, Arthur
Frazier, Walter	Morden, Dr. Esli	Willbee, Dana
Frownfelder, Perry	Morse, Chester	Whitney, Harvey
Grabner, Heibert	Mumford, Albert	Wilmoth, Harold
Gray, J. S.	Munson, Richard	Wickham, Henry
Gritzmaker, Walter	Nolan, Leon	Winne, Rollo
Hall, Clair	Osborn, Harold	Wade, Ernest
Haviland, Clifford	Osgood, Guyor	Wood, Harry
Hardy, Clinton	Palmer, Arthur	Wood, Kenneth
Harris, Floyd	Patrey, Harry	Wotring, Hal
Harrison, George	Patterson, Adonis	Yoke, Albert
Hart, Henry	Peebles, Carey	Yoke, Elmore
Hauck, Donald	Pettee, Sylvester	Youngs, Lawrence
	Pollard, Charles	

*Deceased.



DECLAMATION AND ORATORY

The annual contest for Declamation and Oratory was held on March 7, 1918 at the High School. It was one of unusual excellence and the speakers were very closely matched.

Declamation

The Flag	Carl Angell
Pompeii	Winifred Betz
True Americanism	Myer Frank
Liberty and Union	Thomas Carter

The first place in this contest was won by Winifred Betz whose poise and delivery showed amazing talent and ability.

Oratory

The Innocent Bystander	Raymond Koehn
The Red Cross	Frances Lantz
War as a Factor of Civilization	Herbert Howell
True Patriotism	Kenneth Graham

Kenneth Graham won this contest which was extremely close and well contested. His oratorical powers were a delight and a marvel to all present.

It is a great pleasure to feel that the Sub-District Contest will be in the hands of these most able and talented people and we are sure that they will keep up the high standard of the school.

LYCEUM MINSTREL SHOW



VERY novel entertainment was given on the evening of March 21, by one of the most patriotic organizations of the High School, when a Minstrel Show was presented by the Lyceum.

The stage of the High School Auditorium was very attractively decorated with palms and American flags; a chorus, composed of the boys of the Lyceum, dressed in uniform, were seated toward the back.

The entire program, consisting of original jokes and songs, was very cleverly given.

The end men were Raymod Koehn, Elmer Schoen, Wynn Gibson, Leslie Walker, Bruce Meyers, and Oscar Peavey, all of whom introduced the latest Song Hits. Carl Schoen acted as interlocutor.

The music furnished by members of the High School Orchestra and a number of professional players of the city was very much appreciated.

SENIOR SICKLE



THE ORCHESTRA



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

THE orchestra this year has been a good one, and deserves much praise. The success of the various organizations connected with the High School has been greatly increased by the work of the orchestra. The willingness with which its members have appeared on any and all occasions makes it very popular with the students. A great deal of credit should be given to the leader, Mrs. Maude B. Newton, Supervisor of Music.

MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA

Miss Thera Dickerson	}First Violins
Miss Agnes Richardson		
Mr. Lenn Latham		
Mr. Leland Brower		
Miss Dorcas Alverson	}Second Violins
Mr. Harold Sherman		
Mr. Clifford Gobba		
Miss Mildred Camburn.....Violincello		
Mr. Ronald Pocklington.....Horn		
Mr. Victor Bragg.....Cornet		
Miss Geraldine Miller.....Piano		
Mr. Karl Angell.....Drums		



OUR SUCCESSORS

Editor-in-Chief
HAROLD JACKMAN

Business Manager
LESLIE WALKER

Assistant Business Manager
CHARLES MORELAND

IT IS very gratifying to know that the production of the next Sickle will be taken care of by these able and talented men. We feel that in selecting them to run the Sickle next year, the Faculty has, indeed, made a most excellent and judicious choice.

Mr. Harold Jackman is a very capable man and the Editorial part of the Sickle will be very ably taken care of by him.

With Mr. Leslie Walker as Business Manager, and Mr. Charles Moreland as his assistant, the business part of publishing the next Sickle will be looked after in the most efficient manner.

BACCALAUREATE

The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered by Rev. Montgomery in the Presbyterian Church, on June 9, 1918. The sermon was uplifting and inspiring and should be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to hear it.

CLASS DAY

The annual Class Day was given on the evening of June 12, 1918, at the Croswell Opera House. A very interesting program in keeping with the ability of the 1918 class was given. During the program the Senior Gavel was presented to the Juniors according to custom. Great praise is due the to class of 1919 for the excellence of the decorations.

COMMENCEMENT

The Commencement exercises of the class of 1918 were held at the Croswell Opera House on June 14, 1918. Mr. D. B. Carson, the speaker of the day, delivered a very interesting address before a large audience. The diplomas were given to the graduates by Superintendent Griffey. The High School Orchestra furnished several fine selections.





OPEN LYCEUM AND ATHENIAN MEETING

THE open Lyceum and Athenian meeting was held in the High School Auditorium on December nineteenth. The program took the form of a short play: "Somewhere in France." The characters were as follows:

Madame Graudet	Frances Lantz
Monsieur Graudet	Porter Dean
Jean Graudet, a French Soldier . .	Raymond Koehn
Nanon Graudet, the daughter . .	Thera Dickerson
Lizette, the little daughter	Helen Clark
Mary Dale, a Red Cross Nurse . .	Florence Early

The play was very well presented and was enthusiastically received because of its extremely modern spirit. It was given again, by special request at the time of the Teachers' County Institute. The program was supplemented by music, consisting of a selection by the High School Orchestra, vocal solos by Elizabeth Church and Alice Stark, and by a Military Tableau presented by Chandler Bond, Lawrence Osgood, and George Merrill, with Florence Early and Elizabeth Church as Red Cross Nurses.



MOCK LYCEUM AND ATHENIAN BANQUET

A NOVEL entertainment, consisting of a Mock Banquet was presented in the Assembly room on the afternoon of February sixth by the members of the Lyceum and Athenian Societies. The program was opened by Genevieve Koehn, as Mistress of Ceremonies, who introduced Raymond Koehn, as Toastmaster. The following toasts were given:

The Lyceum	Firth Anderson
The Athenian	Emma Hopkins
The Seniors	Carl Hiltz
The Thespian	Agnes Richardson
The Juniors	Lawrence Gould
The Forum	Celia Brainerd
The Freshmen	Winifred Betz
Athletics	Chandler Bond

The High School Orchestra assisted. At the conclusion of the program, the members of the Lyceum and Athenian withdrew to their society room, where refreshments were served and a social hour enjoyed.



SENIOR PLAY CAST



SENIOR PLAY

THE MAN OF THE HOUR," by George Broadhurst, was chosen by the class of 1918 as their Senior Play.

The Play is one which deals with the real problems in the world of business and political affairs and there is afforded opportunity for careful and painstaking study and forceful yet artistic dramatic interpretation.

The chief role was that of Alwyn Bennett, a young mayor, who proved himself strong enough to resist all the wiles and bribes of politics and to remain true to his oath of office and to the faith of the people. This part was taken by Marshall Bovee who interpreted it in an excellent way and received much commendation for his work. Closely connected with this role was that of Dallas Wainwright, the niece of Charles Wainwright, the powerful financier who tried to buy the honor of the mayor. Marian Barber played this part in a very pleasing manner and shared the honors with Mr. Bovee. One of the most interesting and entertaining elements of the play was the romance between Perry Wainwright, young and irresistible, and Cynthia Garrison, an attractive and worth-while girl who lost her fortune and became the secretary of Mr. Wainwright. Floyd Henig, as Perry, and Thera Dickerson, as Cynthia, left nothing to be desired in the interpretation of these roles.

It is impossible to enumerate each character here, but one is as deserving of honor as the other. Much credit for the success of the play is due Miss Willsey, who conducted it in a careful and patient way, and also to the business manager, Marion Dibble.

The entire cast was as follows:

Alwyn Bennett	Marshall Bovee
Charles Wainwright	Porter Dean
Scott G. Gibbs	Elwyn Smith
Richard Harigan	Donald Cornell
James Phelan	Carl Hiltz
Perry Wainwright	Floyd Henig
Judge Newman	Alton Bennett
Henry Thompson	Carl Schoen
William Ingram	Ormand Atkin
Richard Roberts	Firth Anderson
Henry Williams	Robert Swanson
Arthur Payne	Leslie Holmes
Office Boy	Ronald Pocklington
Dallas Wainwright	Marian Barber
Cynthia Garrison	Thera Dickerson
Mrs. Bennett	Mildred Howe



MAY FESTIVAL

IT has been the custom for many years, for the Lyceum to give a Lyceum Banquet, but this year, in proof of the originality of the class of 1918, a May Festival was held in the High School Auditorium, May 27, 28, 29, 1918, under the supervision of the Athenian, Lyceum and Thespian Societies.

The stage was transformed into a bower of beauty by a profusion of green bough and spring flowers. An excellent program was furnished each night, consisting of musical selections, readings and novel entertainments, given by the talented members of the High School, assisted by Mr. Aiken and Miss Irene Line.

Light refreshments were served in a dainty manner in Lincoln Hall, which was also artistically decorated, and although the affair was an entirely new experiment, it proved to be a decided success.



SENIOR "SEND-OFF"

THE annual Senior "Send-off" was held in the High School on the evening of June 13, 1918. A banquet was served in Lincoln Hall which was very prettily decorated with red, white and blue bunting and flags. After dinner was served a fine program of toasts was given.

Later everyone withdrew to the gymnasium which was also tastily decorated in flags and bunting, and an exceptionally fine dance program was rendered, including many features. There were plenty of attractions for those who did not wish to dance and everyone enjoyed the entire evening.

An invitation was extended to all last year's graduates to attend this Senior "Send-off," as this event did not occur last year, and a large representation attended.

The program of toasts follows:

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
GEORGE MERRILL

TOASTMASTER
CHARLES T. MORELAND

"The Cadets"	Lawrence Osgood
"I Want to be a Good Little Wife"	Thera Dickerson
"The High School Farmer"	Elmer Schoen
"We'll Nail the Stars and Stripes to the Kaiser's Door"	Linford Miller
"The Boys 'Over There' "	E. W. McNeil
"Graft" (Slipping it over the teacher)	Celia Brainard

SENIOR



SICKLE

Commencement Program

CROSWELL OPERA HOUSE - FRIDAY
AFTERNOON - JUNE 14, 1918 - 3 o'clock

Music *High School Orchestra*

Invocation *Rev. G. W. Olmsted*

Music *High School Glee Club*

Music *Donald Cornell*

Address *Dr. C. T. Corson*

Piano Solo *Glendora Gibson*

Presentation of Diplomas *Supt. C. H. Griffey*

Music *High School Orchestra*

Benediction *Rev. A. E. Scoville*

ATHLETICS



SENIOR



SICKLE



FOOT BALL TEAM



FOOT BALL

Lennard and Wade, Captains

THE foot ball season of 1917 was a season that can be looked at in two ways. In the matter of points, our opponents had it on us, but when we remember that of our three bitterest enemies, two went down in defeat, we cannot but consider this season a success.

Practice started on the second day of school and there were enough candidates for practically three teams. Coach Kalder received a broken leg in the first practice and the prospect looked dull indeed. But Mr. McNeil, a former college foot ball star, took the squad in hand and developed a hard fighting, clean playing team.

The season opened on Wednesday, September 26. Hudson came here in high hopes but when the final whistle blew the score stood 39-6 in Adrian's favor. Hudson put up a good fight, but was simply out-played.

Two days later, September 29, Manchester came here and they too proved unable to stop the onslaught of the Adrian boys. Manchester was defeated to the tune of 58-6. The score could have been higher in both this game and the Hudson game, if the first team had played the entire game. The second half, in both games, saw practically the whole second team in the field.

On October 6, the squad, eighteen strong advanced on Jackson. Jackson was way out of our class as to weight and experience. Never-the-less the old Adrian fighting spirit showed itself and held the Jackson lads down to a 40-0 score. Adrian really had no right to play a team like Jackson so early in the season, because the team up to this time had played against practically no opposition.

The following week the team went to Detroit and played Northwestern, a team that later became State Champion. The team was still sore from the mauling it received at Jackson, but it played Northwestern off its feet in the first quarter. Northwestern then sent in fresh men and Adrian was defeated 66-0. This game can be looked at as a victory because by this game Adrian gained the friendship of Northwestern High School.

Next we played Blissfield, October 22. Blissfield fought with her usual stubbornness and after a hard fight, Adrian came out on top with 19 points to her opponent's none.

Bad weather set in the next week, and on Saturday, October 29, the team lined up against the strong Monroe team with only three days practice to its credit. The field was a lake and rain was pouring down in sheets as the game was played. Monroe won two touch downs by the aerial route and then the Blue and White started. Adrian battered her way by line



plunges the entire length of the field for a touch down. Adrian was starting one of her famous rallies, but the half ended with the ball on Monroe's five yard line and a chance to win was lost. Both teams fought hard the second half but neither could score and Adrian lost 12-7.

After the Monroe game, Captain Lennard left school and three other veterans were forced to quit by parental objection, owing to the injury to the Monroe player in the Monroe game. Under this handicap, Adrian went to Ypsilanti and played the fast Ypsi team. Our opponents scored in the first three minutes of play on a forward pass; after that neither side scored until the last quarter, when Ypsilanti scored a field goal. Adrian lost this game 10-0. But it was only because of the loss of some of our best men.

The next Saturday, Coldwater came here with a team that had lost only one game all season. Coldwater scored first by pushing across a touch down. Adrian then scored a field goal from a difficult angle. After that the score was unchanged during the first half. In the last quarter the team started one of the famous rallies and put the ball over the line, winning the game 10-7. This was the best game played on an Adrian field in years.

Two weeks later we played a post season game with Hudson at Hudson. Our team had only three days of real practice in two weeks owing to the weather and to make matters worse, the team was over-confident. Hudson had improved wonderfully and she was able to defeat Adrian 18-6.

THE TEAM

Our ends, Bird and Munn, were a pair that was hard to beat. Bird was perhaps the best of the two owing to more experience.

George, Walker and Peavey played tackle and were all hard fighters and clean players. Peavey and Bird simply tore up everything on their side of the line.

The guards, Jacobs, Darling and Westfield were men who could always be depended upon in a pinch. They hit hard and played clean.

Snedecor, the veteran center, though good last year, had improved wonderfully and was the best center the high school has had in some time.

Smith and Gibson at halves were fast, hard hitting men and always gained the necessary ground when called upon.

Wade, the big acting captain and fullback, was a veritable "tank" when it came to line plunges. He could also punt a little bit.

Lennard, who was Captain and quarterback until he left school, was a scrapper and a brainy player. He used his head and muscle together in a combination that was hard to beat. When he left school, Frank was put in at quarterback. Though very small, "Julie" handled the team in a very creditable manner.



The subs, Duncan and Bond, were both good men. Duncan was a guard, while Bond played either end or half in a very acceptable manner.

THE SECOND TEAM

The Second Team showed its speed in two games this season. The first was at Britton, October 17. Here the Britton first team was defeated 21-0.

The second game was at Adrian with Britton. The second team again was victorious. This time the score stood 26-6. Britton scored in the final minute. Clark got away in the dark and started down the field. It looked as if he was forced outside the side lines, but in the darkness, the officials did not notice it and he got a touch down.

PROSPECTS FOR NEXT YEAR

The men of this year's team who will be back are Bird, George, Gibson, Jacobs, Walker, Smith, Peavey and Captain-elect Snedecor. With this bunch of veterans the coach and captain should not find it hard to organize a team that will be a winner. There is also good material that was only second team quality last year, but by next year ought to be good first





team men. Myers or Gruel, the second team ends, will fight hard for the end left vacant by Munn, while either Fairchild or Gould will probably go in as one of the guards. Fairchild hits harder than Gould, but Gould has had more experience, so it will be a close fight. Myers is a fast, hard tackling end, but can't handle passes as well as Gruel. Gruel is a more steady player and besides is a good punter and drop kicker.

THE LINE-UP

L. E. Munn
 L. T. George
 L. G. Darling, Westfield
 C. Snedecor*
 R. G. Jacobs
 R. T. Peavey, Walker
 R. E. Bird
 Q. Lennard, Frank
 L. H. Gibson
 F. Wade
 R. H. Smith
 Subs. Duncan, Bond
 *Captain-elect

SCHEDULE

		At	A. H. S.	Opponents
Sept.	26	Hudson..... Adrian.....	39	6
Sept.	28	Manchester..... Adrian.....	58	6
Oct.	6	Jackson..... Jackson.....	0	40
Oct.	13	Detroit Northwestern..... Detroit.....	0	66
Oct.	20	Blissfield..... Adrian.....	19	0
Oct.	27	Monroe..... Adrian.....	7	12
Nov.	3	Ypsilanti..... Ypsilanti.....	0	10
Nov.	10	Coldwater..... Adrian.....	10	7
Nov.	23	Hudson..... Hudson.....	6	18
			139	165

SECOND TEAM

		At	A. H. S.	Opponents
Oct.	17	Britton..... Britton.....	21	0
Nov.	16	Britton..... Adrian.....	26	6

CLASS FOOT BALL

The first game was between the Juniors and Freshmen. The Freshmen were small and did not have the material which the powerful Junior team had. The Juniors possessed nearly all first team men. As a result the Juniors won.

SENIOR SICKLE

The Juniors then played the Seniors. All games before this resulted in defeat for the Class of '18, but this year the Seniors though smaller and with fewer first team men than the Juniors, fought hard and defeated the Juniors 7-0, making the Seniors the foot ball champions.

	Won	Lost	Pct.	Capt.
Freshmen.....	0	1	.000	T. Annis
Juniors.....	1	1	.500	Snedecor
Senior (Class Champions).....	1	0	1.000	Bond



SENIOR



SICKLE



BASKET BALL TEAM



BASKET BALL

Teachout—Acting Captain

THIS year's prospects at first were not bright. Wade was the only "A" man back. However, with last year's subs, the coach was able to develop a good team. It was not a team of stars, but a team composed of men who played hard and who played team work every minute. If there had been a state tournament, Adrian would have made the other teams sit up and take notice.

The first game was with the Alumni on December 14. The old Grads. went down in defeat in a fast game, the score being 33-14.

Our next game was at Detroit Northwestern on January 4. We held the State Champions to a 14-11 score. It was in reality a victory for Adrian as we led in the score until the last few minutes, then the team slowed up because of injuries and Detroit put it over on us.

Hillsdale came here January 11 and was beaten to the tune of 65-14.

January 25 the team went to Coldwater. We defeated Coldwater 47-14, but lost Captain Wade, for he enlisted in the Aviation Corps after this game.

Ypsilanti Normal High came here on February 1 and received her annual beating to the tune of 20-11.

Ann Arbor came here February 7 and gave us the best game ever witnessed on the home court. The game was a tie until the last minute when Gibson and Frank went in and caged the necessary baskets.

Jackson came here in high hopes on February 15, but could not stand the pace set by the Blue and White and was defeated by the score of 43-29.

The following week the team went to Monroe. Monroe put up a hard fight, but Adrian was out to avenge the defeat in foot ball and Monroe went down to a 26-12 defeat.

On March 1, Scott High, of Toledo, came here. Adrian led in the first quarter, then Scott started and although Adrian tried hard, she could not get the well-known rally started. Scott won, 24-16.

March 5 the team went to Hudson. Three first team men were unable to go and Hudson managed to win 21-30.

Adrian was sore about this defeat and on March 8, when Hudson came here they got one good trimming. Our boys won from the Hudson boys, 41-21. Not being satisfied with this, the Adrian girls walloped the Hudson girls, 23-3.

The team seemed to slow up after this game, and on March 15 went to



Detroit to play the U. of D. Preparatory school. The score was 27-10, in favor of Detroit.

Robertson at center, was a hard fighter and very few opposing centers ever got the jump on him.

The forwards, Teachout, Brower and Frank were always on the job. "Slim" led the team in basket shooting.

With Brown and Snedeker as guards, things were usually safe, for both were fast and aggressive players.

Snedeker will be the only "A" man back next year and the ones who look best for next year are Gibson, Bird, Bassett, Gruel and Watts.

The men who have earned

A's	R's	A. H. S. Monograms
Robertson, center	Bird	M. Frank
J. Frank, forward	Gibson	R. Deibele
Brower, forward	Gruel	Robins
Teachout, forward	Bassett	Swanson
Brown, guard	Watts	Gould
Snedeker, guard		Peavey

SCHEDULE

Opponent	Date	Where Played	A. H. S.	Opponents
Alumni	Dec. 14	Adrian	33	14
Northwestern	Jan. 4	Detroit	11	14
Hillsdale	Jan. 11	Adrian	65	14
Coldwater	Jan. 25	Coldwater ..	47	19
Ypsilanti Normal High..	Feb. 1	Adrian	20	11
Ann Arbor	Feb. 7	Adrian	34	32
Jackson	Feb. 15	Adrian	43	29
Monroe	Feb. 23	Monroe	26	12
Scott High, Toledo	Mar. 1	Adrian	16	24
Hudson	Mar. 5	Hudson	21	30
Hudson	Mar. 8	Adrian	41	21
U. of D. High, Detroit ..	Mar. 15	Detroit	10	27
			367	247

CLASS BASKET BALL

The interclass basket ball series was very satisfactory, especially to the Seniors as they upset the "dope" and won every game, thereby coping off another championship. The games were all hard fought and interesting and no game was won until the final whistle. Much promising material for the teams to come was discovered and the outlook for next year is far from dark.



CLASS BASKET BALL STANDING

	Won	Lost	Pct.	Captain
Seniors	5	0	1.000	Halland Darling
Freshmen	3	2	.600	Brower
Junior	2	3	.400	Bird
Junior High	0	5	.000	Ivan Eggleston





TRACK TEAM



*Captain-elect for 1919



BASE BALL

C LASS Base Ball has to take the place of Inter-scholastic Baseball, but as there are some veterans in both the Junior and Senior classes and some promising material in the Freshman class, the series should prove very interesting.

The veterans in school this year are Captain Treat with three years' experience, Bond with two years' experience and *Teachout, Moreland and George with one year's experience.

The Seniors are hoping to make a clean sweep in athletics this year, but they will encounter some strong opposition in the Junior team. The Freshmen have some good material, but can hardly be counted a serious factor in the fight for the championship.

*Entered Service before Series started.

SCHEDULE CLASS BASE BALL

Tuesday		Thursday	
April 30.....	Freshmen vs. Juniors	May 2.....	Juniors vs. Seniors
May 7.....	Freshmen vs. Seniors	May 9.....	Freshman vs. Juniors
May 14.....	Juniors vs. Seniors	May 16.....	Freshmen vs. Seniors
All games at College Field and called at 4 P. M. Limited to 7 innings.			

MANAGERS

Chandler Bond..... Seniors
Victor Gruel..... Juniors
Thad Annis..... Freshmen

Baseball A's not awarded as Sickie goes to press.



WEARERS OF THE "A," 1918

Player	Football	Basketball	Baseball	Track
Annis, "Paul"	17M	'16
Bird, "Turkey"	'17
Bond, "Chan"	'16
Brower, "Bus"	'18
Brown, "Bate"	'18
Darling, "Fish"	'16	'16
Darling, "Ducky"	'17
Frank, "Julie"	'17	'18
George, "Floyd"	'17	'16	'18
Gibson, "Gibby"	'17
Hoffman, "Pierson"	'17M
Jacobs, "Jake." "Ching".	'17
Koehn, "Ray"	'16, '17, '18
Lennard, "Chub"	'16
Moreland, "Chuck"	'17
Myers, "Bruce," "Fatty"	'16, '17, '18
Munn, "Harry"	'17
Peavey, "Oscar"	'16
Powers, "Earl"	'15
Robertson, "Bert"	'14, '15	'18
Robbins, "Ferd"	'15
Smith, "Smitty"	'15, '16, '17	'16, '17
Snedecor, "Sned"	'15, '16, '17	'18
Smith, "Elwyn"	'17M
Swift, "Floyd"	'18
Teachout, "Slim"	'18	'17
Treat, "Red"	'15, '16, '17
Wade, "Wadie"	'15, '16 '17	'16, '17
Walker, "Bus"	'17



WEARERS OF THE "R," 1918

Player	Football	Basketball	Baseball	Track
Bassett, "Bassett"		'18		
Bird, "Turkey"	'17	'18	'17	
Bond, "Chan"	'16, '17			
Dibble, "Marion"				'18
Duncan, "Dunk"	'17			
Frank, "Julie"				'18
Gibson, "Gibby"	'16	'18		
Gould, "Jack"	'16			
Gruel, "Vic"		'18		
Hoffman, "Pierson"	'16			
Robertson, "Bert"		'17		
Teachout, "Slim"		'17		
Valentine, "Leon"				'18
Walker, "Bus"				'18
Watts, "Pross"		'18		

WEARERS OF THE "A.H.S.," 1918

Annis, "Thad"	'17			
Bird, "Turkey"		'17		
Bond, "Chan"	'15			
Brower, "Bus"	'17			
Dibble, "Dibble"	'17			
Deibele, "Ralph"		'18		
Fairchild, "Miggy"	'17			
Frank, "Myer"		'18		
Gibson, "Gibby"		'17		
Gould, "Jack"	'17	'18		
Gruel, "Vic"	'17			
Koehn, "Ray"	'17			
Myers, "Bruce," "Fatty"	'17			
Peavey, "Oscar"		'18		
Robbins, "Ferd"		'18		
Snedecor, "Sned"		'17		
Swanson, "Bob"		'18		
Watts, "Pross"	'17			





ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

1917 ROSTER

Gae Aldrich, Adrian College
 Harley Aldrich, Adrian College.
 Choice Ambacher, Toledo, Ohio.
 Martha Anderson, Stenographer, Adrian.
 Metha Abling, Adrian Knitting Mills.
 Arlie Baldwin, Adrian, Mich.
 Ethel Berlin, Detroit, Mich.
 Dewey Burgess, Adrian State Bank.
 Gertrude Boyd, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Marguerite Bertram, Clerk, Adrian.
 Ross Bittinger, Adrian, Mich.
 Gerald Bryant, Seneca, Mich.
 Forest Colvin, Blissfield Normal.
 Mildred Carpenter, Adrian State Bank.
 Alena Calkins, Blissfield Normal.
 Gladys Burton, Clerk, Adrian.
 Gordon Campbell, In the Service.
 Eloise Childs, Page Fence Factory, Adrian.
 Genevieve Dawson, Blissfield Normal.
 Ida Ruth Covell, Teacher, Walworth.
 Sadie Covell, Teacher, Lenawee County.
 Rose Coover, (Mrs. Walter Roesch) Adrian.
 Earl Davis, Y. M. C. A., Detroit.
 Vera Cottrell, Stenographer, Adrian.
 James Dennis, Farmer, Adrian.
 Leland Deibele, Egan's Shoe Store.
 Carl Dean, at home, Adrian.
 Agnes Dempsey, Lake Shore Depot, Adrian.
 Vivian DeVry, Clerk, Adrian.
 Bertine Dewey, Washington, D. C.
 Marian Gussenbauer, Adrian, College.
 Ila Eggleston, at home, Adrian.
 Harold Funk, Adrian College.
 Nina Dowling, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 John Dunn, Adrian State Bank.
 May Dobbins, at home, Adrian.
 Catherine Hood, deceased.
 Walter Gritzmaker, In the Service.
 Felix Habrick, Farmer, Lenawee Co.
 Arthur Hamilton, Adrian College.
 Gladys Harrington, Ypsilanti Normal.
 Walker Gibford, Adrian College.
 Mary Elizabeth Hyder, married, Adrian.
 Seth Hoisington, at home, Adrian.
 Florence Hubbard, Flint, Mich.
 Estelle Howell, Blissfield Normal,
 Hartley Harrison, Detroit, Mich.
 Gertrude Henig, Oberlin College.
 Harry Kerr, In the Service.
 Alice Kishpaugh, St. Mary's College, Monroe.
 Lucius Judson, M. A. C.
 Maybelle Jewell, (Mrs. R. Jackson) Adrian.
 Rosa Bell Jones, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Dorman Jurden, Adrian College.
 Edward Isley, Clerk, Adrian.
 Hazen McComb, Chicago University.
 Raymond King, Page Fence Factory, Adrian.
 Martha Ledford, Blissfield Normal.
 Fred Leacox, Wilcox Garage.
 James Karber, Detroit, Mich.
 Ralph Knight, Bible College, Kimberly Heights, Tenn.
 J. Wallace Page, Adrian College.
 Ted McDowell, Farmer, Palmyra.
 Florance Long, Blissfield Normal.
 Harold Lossing, Detroit, Mich.
 Rubie Lowth, Store, Cadmus.
 Henry Lutz, Adrian College.
 Leon Pierce, National Bank of Commerce, Adrian.
 Jessie Mc Glothlin, Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky.
 Milton Nicolai, Adrian College.
 Ralph McRobert, Farmer, Lenawee Co.
 Florence Mitchell, Chicago University.
 Rex Nottingham, Monroe, Mich.
 Willard Stearns, Lenawee County Bank.
 Adonis Patterson, In the Service.
 Ethelyn Shugars, at home, Onsted.
 Herbert Partridge, Gas Co. Adrian.
 Lila Rinehart, Blissfield Normal.
 Curtis Shepherd, Farmer, Onsted.
 Seward Whitney, Adrian College.
 Mildred Soper, Nurses' Training School, Harper
 Hospital, Detroit.
 Grant Snedeker, Page Fence Co., Adrian.
 Donald Swisher, Clerk, Adrian.
 Alma Taylor (Mrs. Leslie Swenson).
 Gertrude Stegg, Matthes Wall Paper Store, Adrian.
 Vance Woodcox, Roger's Grocery, Adrian.
 Hazel Wellhouser, Baldwin Law Office, Adrian.
 Phila Voorhees, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Charles Warner, Farmer, Palmyra.
 Earl Wickwire, Adrian Daily Telegram.
 Helen Wickter, at home, Palmyra.
 Lawrence Youngs, In the Service.

1916 ROSTER

Julia Abbott, At home, Adrian.
 Charles Ashley, Detroit.
 Lawrence Bevins, In the Service.
 Everett Bird, Colgate College.
 Margaret Briggs, Gov't Clerk, Washington, D. C.
 Carl Buehrer, Page Fence Factory.
 Meta Calkins, at home, Lenawee Junction.
 Marjorie Conlin, Adrian College.
 Annette Mott, Adrian College.
 Marie Moxson, Clerk, Adrian.
 Illah Myers, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Mamie O'Hearn, married.
 Harry Patrey, In the Service.
 Alice Peterson, Adrian College.
 Medea Peterson, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Doris Reed, Adrian College.



1916 ROSTER—Continued

Fay Coy, Teacher, Ridgeway.
 Gerald Cutler, Dartmouth College.
 Frances Cutter, Washington, D. C.
 Helen Davis, Stenographer, Adrian.
 Adaline Dawson, (Mrs. Leland Koch) Montana.
 John Fint, In the Service.
 Frances Foote, Adrian College.
 Donald Frazier, Adrian College.
 Marvel Garnsey, Northwestern University.
 Geraldine Greenwald, Oberlin College.
 Ruth Hoadley, at home, Adrian.
 Gertrude Haig, Adrian College.
 LaValle Hoagland, In the Service.
 Clifford Jackson, In the Service.
 Merle Kerr, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Lyle Langdon, In the Service.
 Garnette Laudenslager, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Rosella Lewis, Teacher, Adrian.
 Clara McLouth, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Leonard Morse, Teacher, Lenawee Co.

Edna Reed, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Beatrice Richardson, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Caroline Robins, Adrian, Mich.
 Walter Roesch, Adrian Knitting Mill.
 Norman Schoen, Adrian College.
 Gretchen Seibert, Northwestern University.
 Wm. Shepherd, Commercial Savings Bank, Adrian.
 Katherine Skeels, Detroit, Mich.
 Carl Smith, Farmer, Lenawee Co.
 Klea Smith, Adrian College.
 Mildred Snyder, Ypsilanti Normal.
 Edith Soule, Adrian, College.
 Gertrude Spielman, Stenographer, Red Cross, Adrian.
 Bessie Strong, Stenographer, Adrian.
 Josephine Symonds, Stenographer, Adrian.
 Agnes VanDusen, Gov't. Clerk, Washington, D. C.
 Gladys Whitney, Adrian College.
 Henry Wickham, In the Service.
 Ethel Williams, Ypsi. Normal.

1915 ROSTER

Ella M. Ahrens, Clinton.
 Martha M. Alban, Macon.
 Katherine Andrews, Hillsdale College,
 Orlando Alger,
 Robert Ayers, Adrian College.
 Hazel M. Bacon, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 William J. Beatty, Detroit, Mich.
 Geraldine I. Bertram, (Mrs. Lyle Wesley) Adrian.
 Marshall G. Buck, In the Service.
 Sophia Bevins, Teacher, Ohio.
 Blanche E. Bowen, Albion College.
 Robert Bradish, Farmer, Adrian.
 Carl G. Brenner, Clerk, Adrian.
 Madeline R. Briggs, Sec. Chamber of Commerce.
 Adrian, Mich.
 Marjorie J. Brown, Stenographer, Adrian.
 Luella M. Brower, Detroit, Mich.
 Seymour H. Brown, Washington Jefferson College, Pa.
 Florence M. Buss, Pontiac, Mich.
 Doris M. Butrick, at home, Adrian.
 Ralph L. Carr, Kalamazoo College.
 Harriet N. Cornelius, Training School for Nurses,
 Harper Hospital, Detroit.
 Dorothy Coe, (Mrs. Robert Moreland) Adrian.
 Lelia Chamberlain, Adrian College.
 Virginia Conover, Stenographer, Hart-Shaw-Miller
 Drug Co.
 Helen E. Darling, M. A. C.
 Clifford H. Davis, Detroit, Mich.
 Marguerite Dershem, Teacher, Ohio.
 Hal E. Dewey, In the Service.
 Walter M. Dole, In the Service.
 Ormand K. Eldredge, Play Producer.
 Margaret R. Early, (Mrs. Gerald Conlin)
 Blackfoot, Idaho.
 Melvin K. Ferguson, Clerk, Hart-Shaw-Miller
 Drug Store.
 Jessie Mabel Fluehrer, at home, Lenawee Junction.
 Arnold F. Folker, In the Service.
 Edna H. Fox, Adrian College.
 Kenneth S. Frazier, M. A. C.

Lucile M. Gilbert, Mount Holyoke College.
 Ruby H. Grandon, Pontiac, Mich.
 Lillian Hamilton, Detroit, Mich.
 Mildred E. Hart, at home, Adrian.
 Darwin Haviland, Cleveland Bible Institute.
 Pearley Hater, Farmer, Adrian.
 Catherine Henderson, Stenographer, Office of
 H. R. Jewett.
 Harold Hickok, Kalamazoo College.
 Henry Hoch, In the Service.
 Blanche Hilt, deceased.
 Ruth B. Hill, Lenawee Co., Teacher.
 Harvey F. Hood, In the Service.
 Mildred E. Hood, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Jessie L. Illenden, M. A. C.
 Mary A. Isley, Lenawee Junction.
 Irene Kerr, U. of M.
 Henry G. Leffelhart, at home, Adrian.
 Katherine W. Lutz, Nurses' Training School,
 Ann Arbor.
 Mildred B. Love, (Mrs. Leland Rhodes) Adrian.
 Fern Luther, Gov't. Clerk, Washington, D. C.
 Irene Line, Clerk, Adrian.
 Cornelia E. Mathers, (Mrs. George Hunter) Adrian.
 Charles H. Marvin, Camp Custer, Battle Creek.
 Will H. Older, Adrian College.
 Frederick Oram, Swift's Book Store and
 Adrian College.
 J. Carey Peebles, In the Service.
 Mary Porter, at home, Adrian.
 Lovisa Roberts, Ypsilanti Normal.
 W. Blanche Steininger, Flint, Mich.
 William E. Stout, Detroit, Mich.
 Ruth G. Shierson, Oberlin College.
 Gladys E. Schwartz, Stenographer, Adrian.
 Alvin Stoddard, In the Service.
 Eileen Tolford, Ypsilanti Normal.
 Alice Mae Tucker, (Mrs. Aaron Jennings)
 Pittsburg, Pa.
 Vileda H. Voorhees, Teacher, Lenawee Co.
 Harry Wood, In the Service.



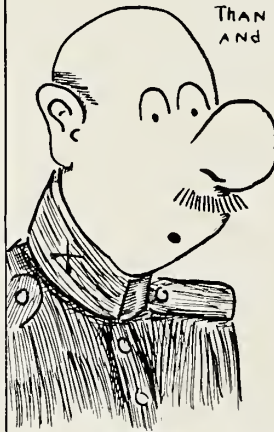
KNUT'S WAR PICTURES.

AT THE LEFT IS A PICTURE OF IMAKNUT
our war correspondent. He has Three
Years experience and we are sure his work
will Please You.

WELL KNOWN MEN.
THESE ARE MILITARY EXPERTS.



Lieut. Fritz Geebo.
Bombed 39 hospitals and
17 schools before he
was shot down by
Abe Crutch.



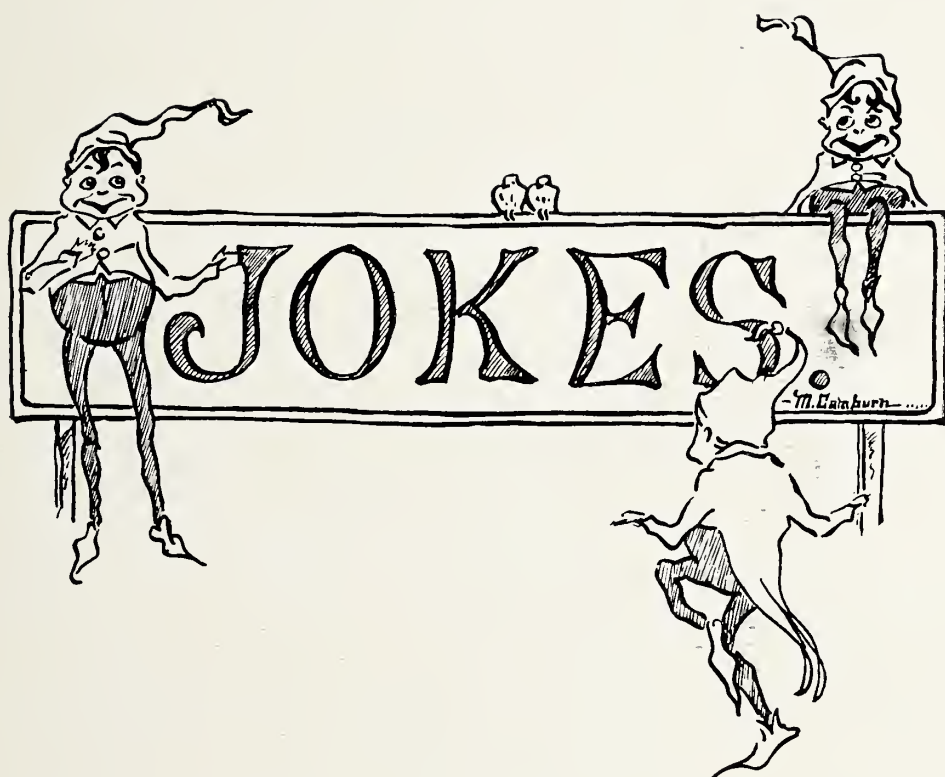
Col. Stanislaw Kzprmlghmbook.
Can absorb more Vodka,
than any other man,
and get away with it.



Lieut. Abe Crutch.
Destroyed Zepplin
and shot down Lieut.
Fritz Geebo.



Capt. Abbu-Ben-Hadhim.
Here's one of those
'unspeakable Turks.'
He can't speak English.





HUMOROUS DEPARTMENT

Geraldine Miller, Editor

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which bar a thousand harms
and lengthen life.—Shakespeare.

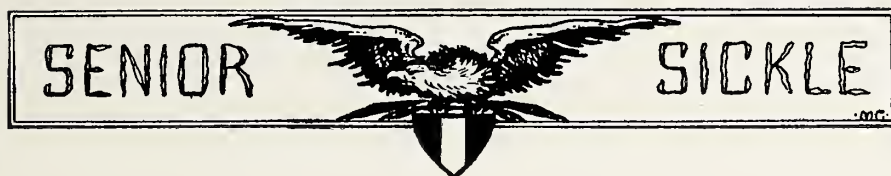
In the Senior High School curriculum we learn:

A to Apologize
B Bookkeeping
C to Cheat
D Deportment
E English
F to Flunk
G German
H History
I Idleness
J Jealousy
K to Knock
L Latin
M Mathematics
N Nothing
O Others
P Peevishness
Q to Quiz
R Rhetoric
S Social Etiquette
T to Tantalize
U to Understand
V Vanity
W to Work
XYZ Etc.

You can always tell the English,
You can always tell the Dutch,
You can always tell the Yankee,
But you cannot tell them much.

Ernestine:

We are awfully sorry there are so many Millers in the phone book.
Speak the number plainer next time and perhaps Central won't make that
mistake again. It *was* embarrassing.



ADD ONE LYRE

The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robins, her second husband Sparrow, and the present Quail. There are two young Robins, one Sparrow and three Quails in the family. One grandfather was a Swan, another a Jay, but he died and is a bird of Paradise. They lived on Hawk Ave., Eagleville, Canary Island and the fellow who wrote this is a Lyre and a member of the family.

DID YOU EVER HEAR THESE ?

So much for that—Miss Marshal.

Let us hear you—Mr. Mills.

Oh y-e-s—Miss Green.

Just a little extra help, please, this morning—Miss Patch.

I want to commend you—Mr. Reed.

Won't you talk about that?—Mr. Mills.

May I have your attention to these announcements?—Mr. Reed.

The distance-tz from the lens-tz at once-tz becomes-tz twice-tz the other distance-tz—Mr. Mills-tz.

This winter,
Little drops of water
Frozen on the walk
Made the mighty adjectives
Mix with people's talk.—Ex.

I'LL SAY SO !

(In roll call)—Look at all the people that aren't here.—S. Milich.

SCHOOL DICTIONARY

Study Hall Regulations: A list of don'ts nobody reads.

Faculty: A rare collection of animated encyclopedias.

Excuse: A piece of the latest fiction.

Flunk: That which gives your marks a circular appearance.

Absences: Breeders of blue slips.

"See Me": 'Tis then we see ourselves as others see us.

Minstrel Rehearsals: Patience Triers.

Class Meetings: Afternoon matinees.

Every rose has its thorn.
There's fuzz on all the peaches,
Did we ever have a chapel
Without some lengthy speeches?



A REBUS

My first is a lass who once lived in Japan,
My second is a mine guardian, the smallest of man,
My third is a fiction read nearly by all,
My fourth is a bug with legs, slender and tall,
My fifth is a word in the Psalms often found,
I'll give you the answer if with me you'll be round.

Guess! Sorry you missed.

Now look here below,
You'll see every noun,
For the words you are guessing
Are turned upside down.
The noun that is proper
We have most in mind,
Now turn the book 'round,
And the lass you will find.

H V L E S
A S E W E
T E A O N
E M O N G
S E N G A

IF WISHES WERE FISHES

We would like a few brains and a little more attention from the upper classmen.—Freshies.

I would like a new giggle for the summer months. My winter one is worn out.—M. Camburn.

We wish the Bradley twins would wear different colored suits.—Faculty and Students.

THE RIDE TO JASPER

The snow was falling thick and fast
When through our little city passed
A sleigh load bound for Jasper.
The wind was high as were the hopes
For a pleasant evening for these young folks
When they reached the town of Jasper.
They rode along with shout and song
For the way was cold and the way was long
That took them into Jasper.



The lights were out when they reached the burg,
And, "you've come too late" was what they heard
From the angry man at Jasper.

Who out of his warm bed had to prance,
And let the kids in who came to dance
All the way out to Jasper.

Then down in their pockets the boys all went,
Till each had reached his very last cent,
To bribe the man and make him relent
And let them dance in Jasper.

"Just hours one you have to stay,
So eat your lunch and get away.
You cannot tempt me with much pay,"
Said the cruel man at Jasper.

So they donned their wraps and started again,
O'er the same old trail for Adrian.
'T was seven miles out, so they all say,
But twenty-one back o'er the same way
Coming home from Jasper.

The snow still fell and the wind still blew,
And the drifts were so high that they couldn't get through
On their way home from Jasper.

The driver informed them in voice gruff and low,
"To some friendly farm house you'll have to go,
For these horses can never weather this snow
And take you home from Jasper."

So an aged couple all snug and snoring
Were rudely awakened at two in the morning
By this crowd on their way home from Jasper.

"O please let us in, good farmer," they said.
"We'll sleep on the floor if you haven't a bed.
Our toes they are frozen, our fingers well nigh,
We can go no further, however we try
O'er the trail away from Jasper."

So into the farm house so cozy and warm
These lads and their lasses with faces forlorn,
Made beds on the tables, the chairs and the floor,
And felt themselves never so lucky before
As on this trip home from Jasper.



They stayed the next day and they stayed the next night,
And even the next twilight was well in sight
Before they got home from Jasper.

"Just look at our pork barrel, our sugar and flour"
The good people cried 'fore they were gone half an hour.
"Our winter supply is fast melting away
We must hie us to town and get more right away,
And when these youngsters their next party make,
We hope for their sleigh-ride a road they will take
That will lead them away from Jasper."

—Alice Smith.

FOIBLES AND FOLLIES OF SCHOOL

K. Schoen: "What are you doing?"

F. Anderson: "I'm collecting."

K. S.: "Collecting What?"

F. A.: "My thoughts."

K. S.: "Well, you always were lucky getting light work."

E. Ridge (In English Class): "It didn't seem to matter whether they were hung or not, they kept right on stealing."

Mr. Mills' definition of ether: "That almost absolutely nothing that fills all space."

Heard in Girls' Glee Club at first practice:

Mrs. Newton: "Are you an alto?"

E. Church: "Yes."

Mrs. N.: "Are you a soprano?"

L. Stein: "Yes."

Mrs. N.: "Are you?"

A. Stark: "No, I'm a freshman."

Miss Marshall: "Who was the Goddess of Fire?"

F. Lantz: "Asbestos."

Mr. Mills (In Physics): "I don't understand why density is so hard to get in your heads."

P. Hoffman (Explaining light waves in Physics) "It's nothing but air, you ought to be able to see through it."

A. Droegemueller: (Translating in German) "The doctor passed over her head."

Correct translation: "The doctor passed his hand over her head."



Fortune Teller: "You have a wonderful talent for painting."

V. Furman: "How can you tell?"

F. T.: "I can see it on your face."

E. Schoen was stumped when trying to give some German memory work.

Miss Corbus: (Prompting him) "To die is nothing—Try it."

Mr. Mills: "Who is a hypocrite?"

H. Teachout: "One who comes to Physics with a smile on his face."

Miss Taylor: "Who was Calliope?"

M. Bird: "The Goddess of Steam."

Mr. Powers: "Why does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"

F. Laudenslager: "It's the only safe place to stand."

E. Ridge: (Reading Hamlet) "And in the cup an onion (union) shall he throw."

Freshman: "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter: "Yes, we serve anyone. Sit right down."

"Dick" Schoen: "Mr. Mills, what do you mean by mutual attraction?"

Mr. Mills: "Surely there is no one in this class that is not old enough to understand that."

She: "I believe you could make love to a stick."

He: "I'm beginning to think so myself."

L. Gould: (Giving a talk on the value of meats, wheats, sugar and fats as aids in winning the war) "England and France can get meat and wheat but they can't get fat."

Winnifred: "Genevieve, when women can hold office, what office would you prefer?"

G.: "Marshall, of course."

Mr. Powers: "What is husbandry?"

B. Myers: "Why, it's being married."

He: "Do you like indoor sports?"

She: "Yes, if they know when it's time to go home."

"Don" Cornell: (Using charcoal in art class) "Gee, fellows, I don't like to use this, it'll get my fingers all dirty."



J. VanOrden: "What's the matter with Mr. Reed's eyes?"

Bond: "Nothing that I know of, why?"

J. Van.: "He asked me three times where my hat was when I was in his office, and it was on my head all the time."

K. Schoen: (In Trig) "Say, Mr. McNeil, can *you* work these problems you gave us?"

Miss Buck: "That explanation is as clear as mud."

F. Kishpaugh: "That covers the ground, doesn't it?"

First day after spring vacation:

Miss Armstrong: "Starting again with such a low mark!"

W. Gibson: "Why, this is the first time I've flunked in a week."
(Naturally).

Miss VanAuken: "Don't you know you can't pound that nail with that? Use your head."

"What is the name of that handsome prisoner?" asked a young woman.

"No. 2206, Miss," replied the guard.

"How funny! but of course that is not his real name."

"Oh no, miss, that's just his pen name."

But the humor goes round and he that laughs at me today will have somebody to laugh at him tomorrow.

In all companies there are more fools than wise men and the greater part always gets the better of the wiser.

MODERN MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

There is a man in a Germantown
Who thinks he's wondrous wise,
He filled the countries on the globe
With tricky German spies.

And when he found his plans up-set,
And all his spies in cells
A propaganda peace he faked
To stop the bombs and shells.

Little Miss Muffet, as you sit on a tuffett
Knitting a sock all the day,
Look out for the spy—dear
For they're always nigh—dear,
To give your country away.



There was a little lady, who lived out of town,
She had so many suitors, it gave her great renown.
Some gave her flowers, some gave her sweets,
She was loathe to go to bed, without these treats.

The modern Mrs. Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.
When she got there
The bill of fare
Was a crust of cornmeal pone.

A dillar, a dollar, Buss Brower, "bum" scholar,
Why do you come so late?
You must beware and take good care
Lest they shut and bar the gate.

Ding, dong bell,
Tommies are mid shot and shell.
Who put them there?
Old Bill Kaiser.
Who'll get them out?
Sammies, without doubt.
Oh, what wicked Huns
To take up their deadly guns
Against Belgium innocent
When no harm by them was meant.

Glendora—(Musing)
If I had a little pony
And if—Her name was Dolly Hewes
If—I loaned her to a lady
And if—She lost off all her shoes
I would not fume and fret, what then?
I'd ask MY SMITH so kind and good
To nail them on again.

Because her name was Mary
Did it make her so contrary?
Did she win her fame by her pretty name
Or without the name would she be the same?



Now Helen isn't Mary
But how much does she vary
From the little maid, who is firm and staid?
Now too much I've said, I'm a little afraid.

Who killed our sons?
"I" said the Kaiser,
"With my gun and spy, sir
I killed your sons."
Who hates the Huns?
"I," cried each nation
Over all creation
"I, hate the Huns."

"To France, to France," says Uncle Sam.
"Stay awhile" says the slacker.
"Send your money, food and guns
For there's no one else to back her."

A nut and a joke are alike in that they can both be cracked and different
in that a joke can be cracked again.

THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS

It's hard to make yourself what you really aren't.
But gee, how easy it is to be what you are.

—E. SCHOEN.

"I shall do credit to a single life for God Almighty meant me for it."

—G. MORDEN.

FOR ALGEBRA STUDENTS

Let A be a maid of winning charm
And B the snug encircling arm.
"How many times is A in B?"
He asked her calculatingly.
She turned her head and looked sedate
I don't understand, please demonstrate."

Ex.

What a wonderful Howell, Winnifred has cultivated!

'Tis a shame Elmer is so Schoen that he needs a Shield.



They sat in the parlor
 Heandshe
 Papa's steps were heard above,
 They then sat in the parlor
 He and She.
 Ex.

SOLDIERESSES

Florence Early
 GlendOra McComb
 RobeRta Baker
 Thera DickersOn
 VenUs Hillard
 Ruth MatteRn
 Frances Lantz
 TheLma Cota
 LilliAn Stein
 Lucille RodGers

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Peavey's Inn, Brainard Ave.
 G. L. Merrill's Headquarters, moved to Matthes Bldg.
 Warren's Sunday and mid-week services are now given at Abbot's Hall.
 Chandler now has his bond for sale at Rankin's office.

DĒ KAISERŌ

Kaiser Billus
 Kaiser Billus
 Er godlike est for surem,
 Er deum dixit frendibus,
 Et semper esse nearum.
 Kaiser Billus
 Kaiser Billus
 Your capus est most swellum,
 You'd better watch your stepibus,
 Reel in your tongue et bitum.
 Kaiser Billus
 Kaiser Billus
 Of ego he est fullum,
 For bellum he was lunibus,
 He erat was you betum.
 Kaiser Billus
 Kaiser Billus
 You surely must descendum,
 Aut on your magno capibus,
 Aut on your alter endum.



PRENDS GARDE

When you're foolin' in the study hall,
And havin' lots of fun
A laughin' and a jabberin'
As if your time had come,
You'd better watch your manners
And keep kind a lookin' out,
Er May R. Patch'll git you
If you
Don't
Watch
Out!

When you're waitin' for a white slip,
Afraid to show you're 'scuse,
Or hate to own you've bolted
'Cause you know you'll get the deuce.
When your mouth is full of chewin'
Then you've simply got to spout
Er May R. Patch'll git you
If you
Don't
Watch
Out!

When you take the card down from the desk
And walk out in the hall,
You're waiting for the time to pass
Before the next bell call.
With silent rooms on all sides 'round,
You simply want to shout,
But E. J. Reed'll git you
If you
Don't
Watch
Out!

—F. Early.

Good Bye 'Till Next Year.



ORGANIZATIONS

KNIGHTS OF THE SEVENTH HOUR

Elwood Jacobs	Red Cassidy
Wynn Gibson	Bill Van Scotter
Meyer Frank	Fred Ridge

THE SACRED ORDER OF THE BLUE SLIP

Pierson Hoffman	Bruce Meyers
Halland Darling	Ralph Diebele
Buss Brower	Leslie Hauck

BEEF TRUST

Wynn Gibson	Elwood Jacobs
Warren Snedeker	Lawrence Gould
Leslie Walker	Jessie Furbush

SNOOZERS' CLUB

Lloyd Hughes	Bill Van Scotter
Elwyn Smith	Fred Ridge

CONSOLIDATED CHEWING GUM COMPANY

Elizabeth Church, Pres.	Alice King, Sec.
Helen Rankin, Vice-Pres.	Genevieve Koehn, Treas.

CAESAR SPONGER CLUB

Winnifred Betz	Ruth Morse
----------------	------------

ADRIAN HIGH SCHOOL TITLES

Major Rankin.....	Chandler Bond
Colonel Nut.....	Walter Williams
Captain Brainerd.....	Oscar Peavey
Baron Von Primp.....	Don Cornell
Duchess De Conceited.....	Eulalie Gourley
Lord Night Bird.....	Halland Darling
Countess Von Danz Krazy.....	Winifred Betz
Prince Easy Life.....	Ralph Diebele
Senator Gasjet.....	Raymond Koehn
Empress Iron Heel.....	Miss Patch
Duke De Drowsy.....	Lloyd Hughes
Senora Powder Puff.....	Vanyce Furman
Professor Bookworm.....	Porter Dean
General Scatterbrains.....	Firth Anderson
Baroness Flirt.....	Thera Dickerson
Prince Beanpole.....	Harold Teachout
Baron Hard-Heart.....	Mr. Mills



Managers' Appreciation

The Class of 1918 is about to leave Adrian High and at this time we wish to thank those who have so liberally contributed to the success of the "Sickle." We heartily thank the business men who have, under the new conditions this year, donated so generously. They recognize the fact that they are helping their old school, as well as the "Sickle."

We have tried many new things this year and if some of them do not meet with your approval, please pass them by, and remember we are amateurs.

To Miss Fox and the Associate Editors we are greatly indebted for their help in typing. For the fine drawings, Miss Camburn and the art editor are to be thanked.

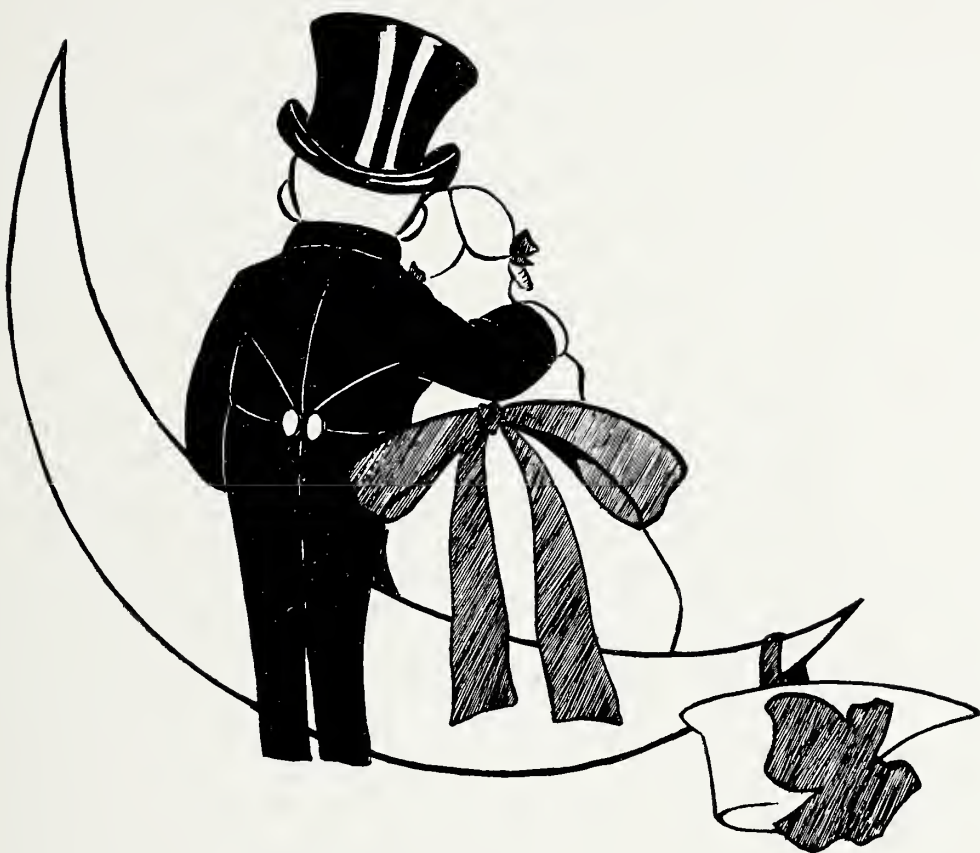
The masterful way the book is printed, bound and arranged, is due to the excellent work of Mr. Finch.

To Mr. Barnum we are indebted for the photographs which appear in the "Sickle."

Mr. Reed has never failed to advise, criticize and help us in any way possible.

We hope that those who have helped us to make our "Sickle" a success will accept this as our best wishes and thanks to them.

ELWYN L. SMITH
KARL S. SCHOEN
Business Managers.



HAMBURN.

FINIS.

We have devoted this page of the SICKLE to an appreciation of the loyal support which we have received from the following merchants and corporations of the city. Under the conditions which prevailed this year we found it impossible to print advertisements. We realized that we had little to offer in recompense to our supporters, yet with a willingness that comes of true loyalty they contributed cheerfully, making the publication of this Annual possible.

Lewis, Coe & Howell
W. T. Coverdale
A. B. Park Company
Beck & Egan
J. C. Van Doren
Watson Flower Shop
W. H. Egan Company
Hart, Shaw & Miller
Page Steel and Wire Co.
Lenawee Co. Savings Bank
Kinear, Huebner & Kells
National Bank of Commerce
Burns & Spies
Wood, Crane & Wood Co.
W. O. Albig
Rogers Lumber and Coal Co.
Hayes' Shoe Store
Benfer & Nachtrieb
Westgate, Condra & Co.
Wesley Company

Commercial Savings Bank
H. M. Judge Co.
Rochester Clothing Co.
Citizens Light and Power Co.
Busy Bee Confectionery
Sugar Bowl
New Family Theatre
W. M. Sheldon
Kesler's Shoe Store
Fox's Confectionery
Adrian State Savings Bank
Adrian Lumber Company
Cutler-Dickerson Co.
Gussenbauer Tea Room
Schmaltz Tailor Shop
J. B. Richards
G. R. Swift
Raymond Garage
Fisher's Book Store
Garden Theatre

INDIANA ENGRAVING COMPANY

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in this
Book
made
by the
Indiana
Engraving
Co.



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